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The Week

THE friends of candor and integrity in American politics, irrespective of party, should rejoice in Senator Borah's Baltimore speech on prohibition. It will, we hope and believe, make it impossible for double-faced politicians and particularly for President Coolidge to prevent the prohibition issue from being thoroughly ventilated and agitated during the next Presidential campaign. The speech is, indeed, equivalent to the pointing of a pistol aimed unmistakably and almost exclusively at the President and his equivocal attitude and policy. "The vote of the people upon the issue," Mr. Borah says, "should not exempt candidates and leaders from declaring their positions upon this question. A candidate who has no conviction upon it and no position to announce before the election will probably betray both sides after the election. The people are entitled to have the views and judgments of those to whom they are asked to intrust great public responsibility." If Mr. Borah continues to talk in this way, he will be bound in the end not merely to smoke out Mr. Coolidge and other politicians who wish to dodge the issue, but he will force the two national parties in their conventions of 1928 to declare themselves either for or against the revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is supremely desirable that they should be forced to declare themselves. When the two parties who monopolize the active exercise of political power in a democratic commonwealth ignore or sidestep the most irrepressible and significant of all domestic political issues, party government is failing to perform the positive function for which it is supposed to be organized.

FROM the point of view of the wholesome process of American government, Senator Borah is, consequently, consummating the work which Governor Smith of New York has begun. The position of the two leaders with respect to the merits of the prohibition issue is, no doubt, diametrically opposed, but in a deeper sense they are both fighting on the same side—that is, on the side of resistance to the demoralizing influence which the Eighteenth Amendment and its violation are having on American political standards and behavior. The fundamental conflict is less between the wets and the drys than between the politicians, both wet and dry, who wish to evade the issue and those who are ready to fight it out. The American Republic can endure either wet or dry, but it cannot endure legally dry, actually wet and politically shameless about the contradiction. It is, we admit, hard on the party politicians who have arranged to get themselves elected to office under the regular rules. For them politics, electrified and perverted by an exclusive issue like slavery or prohibition, is certainly hell. But for the soul of the American nation it is better to convert party politics into a temporary hell than to condemn it indefinitely to a dubious purgatory whose lethargic and obscure atmosphere obscures any vista of a more radiant future.

SPECIFICALLY what Senator Borah has done is to challenge President Coolidge's renomination as Republican candidate for President on a platform which combines economic progressivism with ag-

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gressive prohibitionism. It is a profoundly dangerous challenge. Its danger does not consist in the probable ability of Mr. Borah to capture a majority of the delegates to the national convention. President Coolidge's hold upon the large industrial states of the East and the Middle West and his control through patronage of the southern Republican delegations will probably assure the nomination to him if he wants it. But the contest would necessarily be bitter and might well become irreconcilable. Mr. Coolidge's nomination would then be the signal for a bolt with Senator Borah as the standard-bearer of a dry agrarian progressive faction. The bolt would flourish prohibition as the pretext, but it would be sustained, as the revolt of 1919 was not, by the grievances of an economic class which inhabits a single large contiguous regional area. In that event the Democrats, in spite of the reluctance of the South, would be likely to nominate a wet candidate, who would represent in addition to anti-prohibitionism the urban, labor, white-collar, polyglot democracy of the Northeast and Middle West. Just what the South would do in this event is dubious. It does not fit into the picture. It would probably prefer Coolidge, and possibly could be captured in part by him against a wet candidate such as Smith. On the other hand a wet semi-Southerner such as Governor Ritchie might hold them in line on a states-rights platform. If so, he could probably be elected.

DURING the next few weeks the administration in the United States and the government in France will be exerting pressure on the legislatures of the two countries to ratify the debt settlement which M. Berenger has recently negotiated with Mr. Mellon. It looks as if Mr. Coolidge would be successful in performing his part of the bargain. There is certainly no reason why a Congress which ratified the alleged settlement with Italy should refuse to ratify the alleged settlement with France. But fortunately M. Briand's prospects of carrying a majority with him are less promising. Both the socialists on the one hand and many of the nationalists on the other are opposed to the ratification. If the Chamber of Deputies does consent, it will only be by a narrow margin. For reasons which we have repeated many times and which have lost none of their force, we devoutly hope that the French Chamber will refuse to follow the lead of the government. From the point of view of those Americans who believe that the contract is negotiated in good faith as a permanent settlement, there is much to be said in its favor. But from the point of view of Frenchmen who know that their government cannot pay the proposed annuities and does not intend to pay, the contract is a sheer fraud to which as honest men they should not subscribe.

THE attitude which the New Republic has assumed with respect to the alleged settlements of the French and Italian debts has inferentially received corroboration from an unexpected source. Mr. Walter Lippmann, writing in the World on the basis of information recently acquired in Europe, says: "We may dismiss from our minds all notion that the debt settlements are regarded as help toward financial reconstruction. They are regarded purely and simply as devices for lifting Mr. Coolidge's embargo on new loans. We may dismiss, too, the notion that the debt payments will become automatic and be forgotten in a few years. . . . They are a vast first mortgage on all the good will between Europe and ourselves. . . . We shall be wise, therefore, if in our minds we regard the Coolidge-Mellon debt policy as tentative and temporary arrangements which a succeeding administration will have to deal with again in a more enlightened way." In short, as the New Republic has urged, they are not settlements at all. The American Congressmen who vote for them on the supposition that by so doing they are stabilizing European finance, contributing to European recovery and smoothing out the future relation of the United States and France or Italy are being grossly fooled. They are voting to accept a schedule of payments from France and Italy which the two debtors have no sufficient intention and no sufficient resources to make good. The result of these dishonest bargains will be many future years of misunderstanding, irritation, friction and recrimination.

SUCH being the certain result of these "settlements" it would have been far preferable to have entered into some arrangement with France and Italy which would provide for a temporary moratorium and a reconsideration of the whole question at a later date. Or if that were impossible, it would have been better to recognize the wide divergence of American and European points of view with respect to these obligations and to postpone any attempt to reach a "settlement." We fully realize how unsatisfactory it would be to postpone the signing of a contract, but it would be less unsatisfactory than the negotiation of agreements which are signed by one of the parties in bad faith and by the other under the persuasive influence of false promises. Postponement would have involved a period of some years during which the French and Italian governments could not have borrowed in this country, but the ability to borrow in this country merely enables them to evade for a little longer the kind of domestic readjustments which would in the end make them independent. In the meantime the prohibition should not extend to private loans. The French and Italian business should be granted the same access to the American market that German business now enjoys. If French and Italian industries can convince American bankers of the soundness of their security, and if American bankers can convince their customers of the same essential, let the borrowing be uncon-

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fined. The more of that kind of financial assistance the better. All who participate in it do so with their eyes open and are responsible for their own acts. But the sham acknowledgment of an old debt which in principle is repudiated merely in order to incur a new debt is a repulsively dishonest transaction which will bring disaster and demoralization on those who participate in it.

IT must have given British officials a good deal of satisfaction, first to bar Charles Edward Russell from landing, and second to announce that the action had been taken at the request of the Irish Free State. By refusing to permit Saklatvala, the Communist member of Parliament, to enter the United States, our government created a precedent which will make it difficult to protest whenever any of our citizens are kept out of other countries for political reasons. And how can our government, in view of domestic politics, protest at anything done by Ireland? Charles Edward Russell is of course no Communist, but neither is he a member of Congress nor a delegate to an interparliamentary assemblage. Doubtless his activities are quite as dangerous to the continued existence of the Irish Free State as Saklatvala's were to the stability of the United States government. The theory seems to be that an alien agitator is twice as reprehensible as a domestic one. Or perhaps it is that while it would be morally difficult to exile a native for political opinions at variance with the government's, it is much simpler to keep a visitor out. Whichever view one takes, officials responsible for such acts cannot help appearing ridiculous. For their reasoning rests on the assumption that their position is so weak and their powers of persuasion so poor that the presence of an opponent is too dangerous to be supported for a moment.

THE argument presented to the Oil Conservation Commission by Charles Evans Hughes in behalf of the American Petroleum Institute does not appear to offer much aid in stopping the enormous waste which is involved in the general practice in getting oil from the ground. It is well known that our reserves of oil are limited and may give out within a few years. It is scientifically demonstrated that competitive development of oil fields in small units, by persons looking for speculative profits, causes irreparable loss of oil and gas. Something ought to be done to prevent this waste. Something could be done either through a licensing system or through unit development of fields under larger private auspices. The first proposal Mr. Hughes, speaking for the industry, opposes. The second he says might be achieved through relaxation of the anti-trust laws, but he does not think the public would favor that because it might involve restriction of production and higher prices. The impression left by Mr. Hughes's plea is that the industry does not want the government to do anything. But how is waste to be avoided unless the government does do something? He apparently has no means to suggest, except a trusting reliance upon the ineffable resources of private enterprise. Furthermore it is not clear why proper legal measures to avoid waste should involve either restriction of production or higher prices. In the long run it ought to mean more oil and lower prices.

BY pointing out that the coal industry in the United States is in nearly as bad a condition as the coal industry in Great Britain, the Committee on Coal and Giant Power has performed a public service. The Jacksonville agreement in the bituminous industry—what there is left of it—expires next March, and upon its expiration a strike is almost inevitable. So large a section of the industry is non-union that the keen competition caused by an excess of supply over demand has led to a progressive cutting of wages almost to prewar standards. Those operators who still deal with the union are therefore bound to insist on further wage cuts next spring. But wage cutting benefits nobody in the long run, because no matter how far the price of coal is lowered, the demand does not correspondingly increase. The market for soft coal is dependent not so much on its price as on general industrial activity. The call for further wage-reductions is certain to be resisted. A strike would cripple enough miners so that temporary shortage would be created and dealers be given their usual chance to profiteer; and a strike would not be likely to have a conclusive end or benefit either miners or operators in the long run. But no important group in Congress or the administration is giving serious thought to the matter. Meanwhile even the superficial Copeland or Parker bill designed to allay future trouble in the anthracite industry is not likely to pass.

IT IS reported from London that Herr Schacht of the German Reichsbank has suggested to Governor Strong of the New York Federal Reserve Bank and Mr. Montague Norman of the Bank of England that Germany is not likely to be able to meet her full reparations obligations under the Dawes plan next year or the year after, and that therefore the whole reparations debt be paid by the sale—presumably in the United States—of German railroad and industrial bonds. What these three powerful and centrally located gentlemen talk about is worth noting. Of course there is nothing new about the proposal. Its merits are that it would pay off the Allied governments in cash raised in the United States, that it would transfer the reparations burden from governmental to private shoulders, and that it would thus avoid much friction in Europe. Its demerit is that it is really a way, not of paying but of postponing the levies on Germany which are counted upon. It will be just as difficult for the German nation to

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export sufficient commodities and lower its standard of living to pay the interest and principal on the bonds as to pay the reparations allotments. American investors would simply hold the bag. And why should trouble between the Allies and Germany be translated into trouble between the United States and Germany?

NOW that the Public Service Commission has granted an increase in rates, the New York Telephone Company gives notice of its intention to contest the decision and ask the courts for more. Of course it is defensible and natural for a privately owned utility to attempt to benefit its stockholders to the utmost if it thinks the court will rule in its favor. The oftener courts allow increased rates on such bases of value as high reproduction costs, "going-concern" value and depreciation in excess of actual requirements, the more people will begin to wonder whether the alleged superior efficiency of private operation is enough to counterbalance such constantly swelling capital charges.

The Great Jefferson Joke

The salvation of the Democratic party lies in the real acceptance of the Jeffersonian idea.—*From an interview with Mr. Franklin Roosevelt in the New York World.*

IT seems to be inevitable. Once every few months it occurs to some leading Democrat that his party is crying for salvation. He sits down and concentrates his mind on the stupendous task of saving it. The result of this intellectual effort is always the same. The way to save the Democratic party is to recover and to realize the Jeffersonian idea. There is no exception to the rule. Mr. William J. Bryan was a devout Jeffersonian revivalist. But no less so is his arch-enemy, the New York World. So was Alton B. Parker. So were Woodrow Wilson and Champ Clark. So are John Davis, Al Smith and William G. McAdoo. So are Thomas Fortune Ryan, Senator Underwood and Senator Blease. The allegiance which Democracy owes to Jefferson is apparently analogous to the allegiance which Christianity owes to Christ. Democrats are certainly fortunate above all other partisans in knowing just what to say and to do whenever the outlook is obscure and the unrighteous Republicans are triumphant. They can solemnly testify to an abiding faith. Their behavior is one of the most remarkable examples in the history of political parties of imperturbable and unanimous devotion to a sacred idea.

Unfortunately, however, their faith is not only unanimous and imperturbable. It is also futile. Why should a party whose intellectual leaders always know so well how to save it still be so constantly in need of being saved? Either their faith does not work as advertised or else they, in spite of their devotion and unanimity, are too frail to live by the light of their own gospel. In both events it looks as if the leaders of the Democracy would have to search somewhere else for a way of saving their party. Their assiduous and indomitable attempts to revive Jeffersonian principles is the oldest and the worst joke in American politics. To their opponents it is becoming a clear symptom of the decrepitude of their party—an evidence of the lack of any ability to place effective political energy at the service of political ideas. Our own prescription for the salvation of the Democracy is the reverse of Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's. Let the Democratic intellectual general staff forget about Jefferson for a few years and do a little twentieth century thinking for themselves.

Their lip service to the founder of the Democracy is at bottom a rationalization of political impotence and sterility. The Republicans are not altogether a united and a happy family, but they are gradually earning the right to be considered as the special, the conscious and the thorough-going representatives of the privileges and interests of American capitalistic industry. They have, consequently, a genuine and most important business to perform in American political economy. Of course, President Coolidge and their other spokesmen rationalize this function by acclaiming the loyalty of the party to a long array of sacred principles and traditions, but their apologetic, in spite of its intellectual negligibility, is rendered tolerable by the importance of the interests which the party represents. The Democracy does not represent any activity or interest fundamentally different from Republicanism. It is moved by no impulse to oppose the prevailing plutocracy and speaks for no rebellious class or local interest. On the contrary the most influential leaders in the southern states are becoming more and more closely allied with the great northern industrial interests. They are only too willing to accept the leadership in economic policy of Coolidge and Mellon. Their party serves as the handmaid of Republicanism, and by occupying the place of an official opposition neutralizes the possibility of any thorough-going political challenge to the plutocracy. Their undying devotion to Jefferson provides a plausible method of pretending to combat Republicanism while really acting as its ally. Did not Jefferson carry on an implacable warfare against the plutocracy of his day whose spokesman was Alexander Hamilton? By reaffirming their allegiance to Jefferson, are not the Democrats testifying in favor of the majority of plain people rather than the rich minority, in favor of equal rights rather than privilege and in favor of "liberalism" rather than conservatism?

Mr. Franklin Roosevelt was no doubt perfectly sincere when, in the interview from which we have quoted above, he declared in favor of a "liberal" Democracy, associated "liberalism" with Jeffersonianism and condemned Republicanism as too con-

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servative and plutocratic. He wishes and hopes to convert the Democracy into a real and a progressive alternative to Republicanism. But if he will consider the facts dispassionately, he may see that the fragile sectional coalition which now calls itself the Democratic party is only in part composed of people who have any interest in fighting the plutocracy. The Democracy contains many members who will eventually participate in forming an effective political opponent to Republicanism; but it is absurd to expect an organization which preferred in 1924 John Davis to its other candidates for President and which refused to assist the Republican progressives in fighting Mellonism to develop into a militant antagonist to Coolidge Republicanism.

In regard to the future of American political parties we feel safe in venturing one prophecy. The militant antagonist of Republicanism, if and when it comes, will not derive its program and ideas from Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson formulated his political creed under social and economic conditions totally different from those which prevail today. It is usually either irrelevant or ambiguous or harmful in its application to present problems and that is why it forms such a perfect political faith for a party which, in spite of actual political impotence, still retains some automatic momentum and must justify in public its own perpetuation. Its slogans are the consummate example of the meaningless but vaguely exciting stereotypes which serve as a substitute in American politics for any realistic use of the intelligence. Thomas Jefferson has for the Democracy ceased to be an individual or the embodiment of a living idea. He has become a symbol of survival—a flag which must flutter from the pole of every loyal Democratic household or public institution. It is well enough, of course, for the Democrats to wave a flag, but a flag is not a substitute for a common impulse and program. A political party which, when it is asked to deal with difficult and novel political and economic problems, always answers by shouting, "Hurrah for Jefferson," belongs to musical comedy rather than to the sinister and tragic drama of politics.

Thomas Jefferson was the political philosopher of the first phase of the American pioneer democracy before it had become in certain respects unionist and nationalist. He represented a class of climbers who had little property but great expectations of future wealth and who wished to be let alone in order to realize these expectations. They were suspicious in the beginning of the federal government and sought to circumscribe its responsibilities and activities, but little by little they abandoned this suspicious attitude. While they have frequently acted as the opponents of any increase of federal responsibilities and power, as when they destroyed the National Bank and tried, previous to the Civil War, to dodge the slavery issue by referring the question of extending the institution to local political bodies, they were nationalists at heart and in a pinch. When they themselves wished to accomplish an economic purpose by political means, they have never hesitated to increase the functions of the federal government. Since the Civil War the remnants of the pioneer democracy have been split between the two national parties. The economic basis of the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian Democracy has ceased to exist. There is no frontier in the United States and no pioneering except by capitalist enterprise-makers. The Democratic party has come to be the political instrument of the Solid South and of certain pools of urban population in the rest of the country. It has been a negative rather than a positive alternative to Republicanism. Woodrow Wilson tried to restore to it some intellectual and moral life by preaching the "new freedom," but he himself forgot about his own slogan when in 1916 he needed progressive support. The "new freedom" was buried during the War in the same grave with the "new nationalism." At present the Democracy consists of nothing but a coalition of state party machines with the South as its chief block and with the recently arrived polyglot voters in a few large cities as its only leaven.

The more active attempts of the last few years to revive Jeffersonianism as the creed of the Democratic party are traceable to the reaction against federal centralization which the administration of the Eighteenth Amendment has provoked. Urban Democrats who were fighting prohibition have sought in the interest of this fight to resurrect the prestige of Jefferson as the philosopher of anti-federalism and as the jealous guardian of local political responsibilities. These propagandist tactics will make it impossible to associate the anti-prohibition campaign with a general progressive tendency. The party which erects opposition to the increase of federal political responsibilities and functions into a dogma will never serve as an effective political enemy of the existing plutocracy. The citadel of the plutocracy is located in Washington. The federal courts have provided an almost impregnable defense for property rights and abuses against interference by the states, and they have, consequently, made any dealing with the problem of poverty or the distribution of economic power a matter of national authority. But an authority which protects property rights should also have the power to regulate their exercise, and such regulation involves an increase in federal legislative and administrative activity and functions. It is the friends and advocates of the existing distribution of economic power, like President Coolidge and Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, rather than progressives, whose business it is to dogmatize about opposition to the increase in federal activities. To invoke the name and prestige of Jefferson in favor of a jealous and suspicious attitude toward the federal government is to play the game of the modern counterparts of the people who in Jefferson's day were Jefferson's enemies.

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The Sacco-Vanzetti Case

> Counsel for the prosecution should refrain from such questions for reasons of fairness, because the Crown has no interest whatever in securing a conviction. Its sole interest is to convict the right man.
> —*The Lord Chief Justice of England, 1925.*

MISREPRESENTATION is the fate of all celebrity, especially of causes célèbres. Approached in excitement and described with overemphasis they engender, in participants and spectators alike, an emotional condition which is blind to facts and deaf to reason. Discussion, therefore, of the Sacco-Vanzetti case must focus on the facts.

On April 15, 1920, at about three P. M., the paymaster and guard of a shoe factory were carrying two boxes containing a payroll of $15,776.51 from the company's office to its factory, through the main street of South Braintree, Massachusetts, when they were fired upon and killed by two men armed with revolvers. As the murder was committed, a car with three other men in it drew up to the spot. The murderers threw the two boxes in it, jumped in themselves and were driven away across the railroad tracks. The car was later found abandoned in some woods. On May 5 Nicola Sacco and Bortolomeo Vanzetti were charged with the murder. Their joint trial began about a year later, and on July 14, 1921, verdicts of guilty of murder in the first degree were found against each defendant.

The issue was purely one of identification, and there was a mass of conflicting evidence, 59 witnesses testifying for the Commonwealth and 99 for the defendants. The Commonwealth offered evidence against both defendants to show that they had been in South Braintree on the morning of April 15; against Sacco to show that he shot the guard, Berardelli, and was afterwards seen escaping in the car, and that a bullet removed from Berardelli's body had been fired from a pistol found on Sacco at the time of his arrest. As to Vanzetti, evidence was adduced to the effect that he was seen in the same automobile. Further, the Commonwealth alleged that the conduct of both defendants, as evinced by their carrying of firearms and the admitted lies which they told on being arrested, was evidence of "consciousness of guilt." The defense of both prisoners was, negatively, that the identification was mistaken and, positively, that they were elsewhere at the time. To prove this they called a number of eye-witnesses of the murder slightly more numerous than those called by the Commonwealth, who testified that the defendants were not the men they saw. Sacco further maintained that on April 15 he was in Boston seeing about a passport to Italy, whither he was shortly returning. This contention was supported by a deposition from the Italian Consul in Boston to the effect that Sacco visited his consulate at 2:15 P. M. and by various witnesses who had seen him during the day. He denied that the bullet in evidence was fired from his pistol. Vanzetti claimed to have been at Plymouth all day, pursuing his trade of fish peddler, and he offered the evidence of many persons who testified to having seen him in Plymouth.

From this meagre summary one thing emerges. Before the jury could convict, they must have been satisfied of the trustworthiness of the testimony which placed Sacco and Vanzetti in South Braintree on April 15. The validity of this testimony is the foundation of the case. Five witnesses definitely identified Sacco as in the car or on the spot at the time of the murder—Mary Splaine, Frances Devlin, Lola Andrews, Louis Pelzer, Carlos Goodridge. Splaine and Devlin were working together on the second floor of a factory with windows giving on to the railroad crossing, about sixty feet away. Both heard the shots, ran to the window and saw the automobile crossing the tracks. At the Quincy police-court in May, 1920, both witnesses seem to have expressed some doubts; but a year's reflection overcame them, and at the trial both were positive that Sacco was in the car. Miss Splaine attributed her previous expressions of uncertainty to errors on the part of the court stenographer; Miss Devlin said "on account of the immensity of the crime I hated to say right out and out." Two men working on the third floor of the same building gave evidence to the effect that the man they saw was neither Sacco nor Vanzetti. Pelzer, a shoecutter in another factory, swore that he lifted up his window when he heard the shooting and saw the man who shot Berardelli. "He wouldn't say the man whom he saw was Sacco, but he was his dead image." The three men working with him in the same room gave evidence discrediting his story and alleging that they heard him say directly afterwards, "I did not see any of the men, but I got the number of the car." Mrs. Andrews stated that earlier in the day at South Braintree she had spoken to a man whom she now identified as Sacco. Her companion at the time denied that there was any such conversation, and three others gave evidence of her having said to them that she never saw the face of the man in question. The evidence of one of them is worth quoting: "I said, 'Hello, Lola, you look kind of tired'; she says, 'Yes, they are bothering the life out of me.' I says, 'What?' She says, 'The government took me down to jail and wanted me to recognize those men, and I don't know a thing about them. I've never seen them and I can't recognize them.'" It was of Mrs. Andrews that, in his speech to the jury, the District Attorney said, "Never in the course of a too long service for the Commonwealth have I laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness." Goodridge gave evidence that he saw Sacco in a car from the door of a pool room where he was standing some thirty feet off. Several other witnesses stated that Goodridge had told them "he was so scared he never saw the men's faces." Goodridge was found

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to have pleaded guilty in a larceny case which had been filed. Defendant's counsel wished to put questions to him with a view to eliciting whether he had been promised favorable treatment in his larceny case on condition he testified for the government, but these questions were excluded by the judge, in flagrant violation of all legal precedent. The case against Vanzetti was weaker still.

What is the worth of all this testimony? Evidence of identification is proverbially untrustworthy and here there were special elements of uncertainty. The witnesses had but a glimpse; the defendants were previously unknown to them and men of foreign race. One witness, a sample of many, "thought at the first glance that the man was a Portuguese fellow called Tony"; afterwards he was quite sure it was Vanzetti. The old song, All Coons Look Alike to Me, represents a deep experience of human fallibility. Some witnesses were not even shown a "parade" at the police station, but only the two defendants. Under such conditions identification of foreigners is a farce.

Wherein, then, lies the secret of the jury's verdict? In the fact that the defendants were foreign radicals and the year 1920. The details of Attorney General Mitchell Palmer's raids, of the lurid alarms in the newspapers and the "reign of terror on a small scale" which Mr. Moorefield Storey has denounced, are too familiar to need recalling. Both Sacco and Vanzetti were Italian radicals. Both had shirked military service by going to Mexico. On May 4, the very day before their arrest, Salsedo had been found dead on the sidewalk outside a building where he had been held incommunicado by federal agents. On May 2 Vanzetti himself had been to New York to negotiate for Salsedo's release. No wonder that, when on arrest they were promptly asked "If I am a Socialist, an I. W. W., a Communist, a Radical, a Blackhand," they were frightened and told lies. The prosecution harped on "consciousness of guilt." But was this consciousness of being a murderer or consciousness of being a Red at a time when, beneath the generous impulse of patriotism and the distorting energy of fear, the government was hunting Reds like wild beasts? In the case of Leo Frank, Mr. Justice Holmes remarked that "any Judge who has sat with juries knows that in spite of forms they are extremely likely to be impregnated by the environing atmosphere." This atmosphere and the defendants' imperfect knowledge of English the District Attorney systematically exploited. "So you left Plymouth to dodge the draft, did you?" was his first question to Vanzetti. "Did you love your country in the last week of May, 1917? Is your love for the United States commensurate with the amount of money you can get in this country per week? Did you intend to condemn Harvard College?" were some of the questions put to Sacco—many of them really invitations to an argument. And Sacco was induced, and allowed by the judge, to make a two-page speech on his offensive political opinions. Mr. Katzmann's address to the jury ended with the words "stand together, you men of Norfolk County!" And Judge Thayer's charge opened as follows: "Gentlemen of the Jury, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts called upon you to render a most important service. Although you knew that such service would be arduous, painful and tiresome, yet you, like the true soldier, responded to that call in the spirit of supreme American loyalty." After three pages of this, he proceeds: "Having cleared away any mist of sympathy or prejudice from your minds and having substituted, I trust, a purer atmosphere of unyielding impartiality and absolute fairness, let us take up some of the rights granted by law to the defendants . . . " This method of securing "absolute fairness" to two draft dodgers calls for no comment, and the verdict for no further explanation.

Objections to Judge Thayer's rulings were taken at the time of the trial and made the basis of an application for a re-hearing, which was refused. Since the trial, a mass of new evidence has been unearthed by the defense and made the subject of other applications equally fruitless. To present anything but a selection from this material is impossible here. The foreman of the jury, Ripley, a former Chief of Police of Quincy (who must have carried great weight with his fellow jurors), stated to the defense that he had in his pockets at the trial some cartridges of similar make and calibre to some of those in evidence, and that there was some discussion between him and other jurors about them. Presumably they were used for purposes of comparison and inference. At all events such secret evidence directly violates the conception of due process of law, which insists that a man shall have the opportunity to subject to the test of cross-examination all evidence offered against him. A friend of Ripley's also gave an affidavit to the effect that Ripley, before the trial and knowing he was to sit on the jury, said to him, "Damn them [Sacco and Vanzetti], they ought to hang them, anyway." If these disclosures throw a light on the jury two other affidavits illumine the character of the prosecution. Gould, an itinerant vendor of razor paste, was within five feet of the escaping automobile and was shot at by a man in it, the bullet passing through his overcoat. He had thus a better view of the man alleged to be Sacco than any witness on either side. Yet, though the prosecution had his name, they neither called him nor revealed his existence to the defense. When, after the trial, Gould saw Sacco, he was unqualified in denying that Sacco was the man he saw in the car. This is disquieting enough. Even more shocking is the story of Captain Proctor. Proctor had been for sixteen years a captain in the Department of Public Safety and was called as a government expert at the trial. The question at issue was whether

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comparison of certain marks on the fatal bullet found in Berardelli with the "lands and grooves" inside the barrel of Sacco's pistol proved that that particular bullet was fired from that particular pistol. "At no time," says Captain Proctor, "was I able to find any evidence whatever which tended to convince me that the particular bullet . . . came from Sacco's pistol. . . . The District Attorney desired to ask me that question, but I had repeatedly told him that if he did I should be obliged to answer in the negative; consequently, he put to me this question: Q.—Have you an opinion as to whether bullet No. 3 was fired from the Colt automatic which is in evidence? To which I answered, 'I have.' He then proceeded. Q.—And what is your opinion? A.—My opinion is that it is consistent with being fired by that pistol." In the light of the context the natural interpretation to put upon this answer, and that actually put upon it by Judge Thayer, was that Proctor believed the bullet to have been fired from Sacco's pistol. Mr. Katzmann (who has not assumed the responsibility of denying this prearrangement) sat by silent during the Judge's summing-up. Many lofty pronouncements (not a few in Massachusetts) have dignified as quasi-judicial the office of District Attorney. Hitherto the conduct of criminal cases, particularly of those where two lives are at stake, has not been regarded as a game of mixed chance and skill in which exploitation of political hatred and concealment of witnesses are recognized gambits; nor has it been simply the mark of a good lawyer to prearrange with a witness an ambiguous form of words of which it is the probable effect to mislead the Court. The theory is still "that the government has no interest in securing a conviction. Its sole interest is the conviction of the guilty." Was this the sole interest of Mr. Katzmann? And yet Judge Thayer ruled that "he has observed nothing in him but what was consistent with the highest standard of professional conduct."

This year the case was heard on appeal before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. It is important to realize exactly what this means. It does not mean that the defendants are tried a second time. What is tried is the question whether the judge of first instance has behaved like a judge. And the tribunal before which he comes is a bench of other judges, people very much like himself in training and outlook and perhaps his friends. Marshaled with crushing force, it seemed as though the argument of Mr. William G. Thompson must prevail. But misstatement and misunderstanding, though they cannot refute logic, can lynch it. Mr. Thompson was defeated by forces against which reason cannot fight. "This matter was purely discretionary and we find no abuse of discretion." Such is the refrain of Judge Braley's opinion. What then is discretion? In the words of Chief Justice Rugg himself "discretion means a sound judicial discretion, enlightened by intelligence and learning, controlled by sound principles of law, of firm courage combined with the calmness of a cool mind, free from partiality, not swayed by sympathy, nor warped by prejudice nor moved by any kind of influence save alone the overwhelming passion to do that which is just." In the same Massachusetts case, which involved damages of $15,000, we are told what warrants the granting of a fresh trial: "It is enough if the newly discovered evidence appears to be so grave, material and relevant as to afford a probability that it would be a real factor with the jury in reaching a decision. . . . It is not essential in all cases that the judge must be convinced that the verdict at a new trial would inevitably be changed by the new evidence." The questions, then, which the Supreme Court must have asked itself in this matter of life and death are these: Were the Judge's rulings during the trial such as could only have been dictated by "an overwhelming passion to do what is just"? Was his refusal to find the new evidence "grave, material and relevant" similarly prompted? The Court has answered in the affirmative. Regretfully, we cannot concur. This is not, to quote Mr. Justice Holmes again, "a matter for polite presumptions; we must look facts in the face." The 2,000 pages of the record reveal the presence of other passions than that for justice, other tempers than the "calmness of a cool mind." To feel indignant at the Supreme Court's decision it is quite unnecessary to believe in the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, though it is hard not to do so. The two things which it is quite impossible to believe are that the new evidence is not "grave, material and relevant" and that, properly directed by the Judge and with it before them, the jury must have come to the same decision. There is, we understand, still some hope for Sacco and Vanzetti in the untiring efforts of Mr. Thompson to find the real criminals. But the Supreme Court of Massachusetts stands already condemned. A judiciary retains the respect of the public, not by clinging pertinaciously to wrong decisions, not by a high tradition of mutual admiration among its members, but by their painful adoption of a critical, especially a self-critical, attitude.

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Politics and Crime in Chicago

TWENTY-THREE male citizens of Chicago, as members of a Special Grand Jury, are still engaged in a naïve task. They are investigating the murder by gangsters, armed with a machine gun, of William H. McSwiggin, Assistant State's Attorney, and the connection it inferred between criminals and public officials. Undoubtedly, there are some among them who purpose to get to the bottom of the whole ill-smelling business. With almost equal certainty they will get little beyond nowhere.

Already, the manner in which McSwiggin died, shot down outside a shoddy barroom in the village of Cicero in the company of a gangster and a ward politician, seems to have been forgotten. Robert E. Crowe, State's Attorney and McSwiggin's boss, who called this jury to offset demands for an investigation free of his domination, has led it far afield. The jury finds itself inquiring into the manner in which paroles and pardons have been obtained from Governor Small, Crowe's political enemy, and his appointees. True, it is a juicy scandal, worthy of any Grand Jury, and promises some results, but it leaves the mooted honesty of Mr. Crowe's own office safely out of the picture. And there, if anywhere, would lie the explanation of Chicago's ninety-three gang murders, including the untimely end of Mr. McSwiggin.

There appears no reason to believe the jury under Crowe's direction will return to the McSwiggin matter. Even if it did, there would be small prospect of its revealing the way in which politics and crime have intertwined. The gangs of beer runners, "alky" distillers, gamblers, bawdy-house keepers, election strong arm men and murderers have burrowed deep. The relation of crime and politics—no reasonable person doubts its existence on the face of the known facts, although equally incapable of proving it—is one of such complexity and spread that to uproot it would be to bring down in a great and terrifying clatter much of the political fabric of the city, county and state. The unorganized citizenry might welcome such an exciting exhibition, may even demand it, but the whole structure of their government is rigged against it; the office holders, who would have to bring it about, would be the ones to suffer, and they want no such destructive knocking of heads. Small would like well to throw out of gear by a little discreet exposure the Crowe Republican machine, which has grown to threatening strength. Crowe is relishing the embarrassment of the Small Republican machine at the pardons mess. But neither could conceivably desire a real showdown all the way around; both sides would get hurt.

"Anything may happen," was the word passed to the saloon-keepers in the Loop, when the Grand Jury opened, for there was no telling what twenty-three citizens might do as jurors, if by some horrid chance they learned the sweeping powers they had and brushed Mr. Crowe aside. The saloon-keepers stopped selling real beer. Probably they have resumed its sale now that it is evident the jurors have not discovered their powers and are content to be directed by Mr. Crowe and no questions asked.

Likewise anything might happen if the citizenry as a whole got to know too much about their office holders. Situations of that nature hold only acute distaste for politicians as well as for beer runners. Nor, apparently, do the business men of Chicago relish too much inquiry; the nerve centres of business and politics lie close together and are singularly sensitive. The criticism of an investigation conducted by Crowe into a condition in which his own office had become involved had scarcely got under way when the Presidents' Council, composed of the presidents of the principal business concerns of Chicago, decided no separate investigation was needed. It voted to ask the populace instead to support the Chicago Crime Commission in gathering more and better statistics by donations of $250,000. The Crime Commission has been gathering statistics avidly for close to ten years without upsetting business, politics or crime.

There remains one outside chance of the Special Grand Jury's getting below the surface; the personality of the stolid, honest, but slow-witted Attorney General of Illinois, Carlstrom. In fact, he is only assisting Crowe in directing the jury, but if the thought should come to him that by laying the ghosts of both Crowe and Small he might become the dominant force in the Republican party in the state, he could do much. He has the authority to take the investigation from Crowe's hands. None questions his honesty. Only there is the question whether he is very bright. And the man who is to lay bare in all its details the relation of criminals and politicians must be all of that and more.

It seems more likely that out of the present inquiry will come no new facts; merely a re-hashing of the known pecadilloes of Governor Small, and a more vigorous Crowe Republican machine, which by the election of its candidate for County Judge, Joseph P. Savage, until now one of Crowe's assistants, will have obtained control of the election machinery of Cook County, with the promise that Crowe may one day be Governor.

But without a showdown, there appears no way out of murder for Chicago. When the jurors have disbanded, empty-handed, the saloons and gambling joints of Cicero will re-open, as they have after previous abortive investigations, the bawdy-houses of Stickney will swing wide their doors, gunmen will once more tour the streets in automobiles

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with shotguns on their knees, and the murders will be resumed in the interest of profitable trade in liquor and women. The gangsters are confident that day will come soon; they don't see how Chicago politics, having taken them to its bosom at election time, can afford to curl its lip at them now any more than can the prostitute at her procurer.

The great body of Chicago's citizens had been satisfied to let bad enough alone until McSwiggin died. That murder made things a bit thicker than seemed proper. In effect, it proclaimed an Assistant State's Attorney a gangster, subject to the simple law of murder, which the gangs have enforced among their members. The inference was too strong to be ignored. The entire country could see what it implied. Harry Eugene Kelly, an aggressive little lawyer of considerable repute and not directly associated with any political group, spoke out. He suggested Crowe was less than the eligible person to investigate. Later, business friends induced him to quiet his noise. They told him the presence of Carlstrom promised an honest and thorough investigation. Hearst's Herald-Examiner, at the moment peeved at Crowe, took up the cry for a special prosecutor. The Chicago Tribune, in an unguarded moment, printed an editorial demanding Crowe step aside. This was the high point in the public furore, for the Tribune had been friendly to Crowe hitherto, and it seemed things might happen. But the Tribune spent the subsequent days in erasing the effect of its editorial by frankly supporting Crowe in its news columns. Bit by bit the demand for a thorough investigation slipped away, leaving at last only the Herald-Examiner shouting a little shrilly for a lost cause.

Chicago has returned to its feeling of gentle boredom about its gangs. To the stranger the tales of the gang murders in the last two and one-half years are almost incredible. They achieve a tremendous effect, related one after another, from the shooting of Jerry O'Connor, beer runner, in 1923, which started the war, down through all the killings, that of Morris Kean near the Sag Canal as he lay helplessly bound in an automobile, the shooting of Dion O'Bannion among the roses in his florist's shop, the wiping out of the Genna "mob," the discovery of the bodies of De Laurentis and Tucelle, left in front of another beer runner's home as a warning after they had been "taken for a ride"—the underworld argot for murder—down to the machine gun murder of McSwiggin, Doherty and Duffy outside the Cicero saloon.

For most of Chicago, it was enough that they were only gangsters engaged in murdering each other. And to understand that viewpoint is to understand Chicago. The city, sprawled across the prairie from the shores of Lake Michigan, ten miles west and twenty-five miles north and south, is an overgrown street corner bully among cities. It is young and has growing pains. It is chesty and vigorous and rough in its ways. Beside Chicago, New York is an Old World city of quiet wisdom and infinite restraint.

There is probably nothing more characteristic of Chicago than its newspapers. Enterprising they are and in the midst of bitter struggles for circulation, unlike the New York newspapers which have learned there is circulation and money enough for all and life may be taken easily. And because Chicago is still a close thing politically, her newspapers are taken seriously; men still have the notion that they wield great influence, in spite of the fact that William Hale Thompson was elected in the face of their united opposition and that the Tribune, deemed the most influential of them all throughout the state, fought Governor Small bitterly only to see him elected by a large majority.

The supposition that the newspapers swing votes has contributed no little to the disrespect for law and office holders. Patrolmen or their superiors have been transferred by the Mayor or Superintendent at the lightest request of a newspaper man. On one occasion the Mayor was called from bed to order the release of a drunken reporter from a station house cell. Reporters and photographers still break into homes, steal pictures, kidnap witnesses to crimes, and extort confessions under the pressure of fake badges. It is told that some newspapers have police officials on their payrolls to tip off crime stories to editors so reporters may reach the scene of the crimes before the police. Still there exist, although in fewer numbers than before, the circulation sluggers, from whose rough and ready ranks gangdom recruited one of its best murderers, Dion O'Bannion, and others. And it remained for the Tribune, after the Herald-Examiner had gained a "beat" by kidnapping a witness, to announce irritably that if those Hearst methods were going to be kept up, the Tribune would get a "goldfish room" itself and do a little third degree work. A "goldfish room" is a term for any isolated chamber where confessions come easily and the walls deaden the sound of a rubber hose on a man's skin and other unpleasant noises.

It is to the close political line-up of Chicago and Cook County that the explanation of much of Chicago's crudities must be credited. The present beer running gangs are useful at election time. Kidnappings of whole truck loads of voters, the theft of ballot boxes, the invasion of polls by armed men, the beating and even murder of men to intimidate voters have been no uncommon affairs in Chicago. Nor, so far as one can tell, have these activities been restricted to a single political party. Both have engaged in them and both therefore have become obligated to gunmen.

In return there could be no fuller payment than impunity in beer running, gambling and women. Under Thompson the town ran wide open. Under the present Democratic mayor, William E. Dever, conceded to be honest and sincere by both his enemies and supporters, a formerly corrupt police de-

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partment has been forced to mend its ways somewhat and drive vice of the more open sort out of the city. The result has been the gangsters have spread out to harvest the thinning crop. Soon they were stepping on each other's toes. Competition grew hot and the murders began.

The dirty, gray community of Cicero, a place of ramshackle frame buildings and commuters' homes with a population of 55,000, a police department under the domination of gangsters, and only half an hour by automobile from where the river bends about Chicago's Loop, became the golden price gangdom fought for. Johnnie Torrio, retired now to another city, presumably New York, to direct the dangerous business from a distance as befits a wealthy man, was the gangster who gained control of Cicero. Sixteen murders have resulted from his battles to keep other gangs out of that rich territory.

The murders were natural, inevitable in a town run wide open as has been Cicero. The gangs were fighting for almost unbelievable profits. I saw the Chicago police, deputized as sheriffs, "kick over" a single fake garage in Cicero after the Torrio mob had gone into temporary retirement while the Grand Jury sits. They had closed the gambling houses, the bawdy-houses and saloons and put their alcohol, beer, gambling paraphernalia and women in hiding. But on the floor of that one garage there remained four lines of 50-gallon alcohol cans, 57 in all, and every one full of pure grain alcohol. Also there were 48 cans of 5 gallons each stored in a corner. The whole had an estimated value of some $25,000. Yet that represented but the accumulation of a few days in only one of the many distributing centres of the "alky" runners in Cicero. The profits in gambling may be guessed by the fact that on Saturday nights in "The Ship," Torrio's most elaborate gambling house, stakes on the table at one time often reached nearly $100,000. For one saloon, the proprietor told a court in seeking an injunction against the police, the rent was $60,000 a year. And in Torrio's bawdy-house in Stickney as many as one hundred girls worked on rush nights, with $2 to the house and $1 to the girl for each customer. The Chicago gang murders have been no sentimental affairs of grudges or revenge; they have been for money, important money, and the successful gangsters have become truly rich men.

"I tell you," said Superintendent of Police Collins, with unthinking irony, "it's hard to convict these gangsters. You can't treat 'em like ordinary criminals; they've got money, plenty money."

He is right. Granted the greatest desire to convict the gangsters of murders, it would be difficult enough. They hire the best lawyers and again and again they have carried their fights against even trivial bootlegging charges all the way to the United States Supreme Court, taking advantage of every loophole unlimited money provides; bail, court continuances, habeas corpus proceedings, and a multitude of other dodges, which permit them at least temporary freedom in which to commit fresh crimes while awaiting the journey to prison. And even if they find themselves in prison at last, there has always been Governor Small's Board of Pardons and Paroles, which sends criminals back to the streets of Chicago almost as fast as they are sent away.

To the honest policemen—and there are some—the odds seem all on the side of the gangster. One patrolman, brought up in "The Valley," with Terry Druggan, now a wealthy retired beer runner, as a neighbor, and "Paddy the Bear" Ryan living across the street, has a curious story to tell. He found a brother of "The Bear" in possession of what is known as a "hot car"—a stolen automobile of which the license number has been reported to the police. "The Bear" heard of the arrest. He strode into the Maxwell Street station house, which squats at the end of the cluttered street market district, to warn the patrolman to "lay off" his brother. The police officer grew angry. The two men fought all over the station house. By a lucky thrust of his foot to "The Bear's" stomach, the policeman sent the gangster flying out into the street. A few nights later, having got home earlier than was his custom, the patrolman was in bed when the front of his house blew out. It had been bombed. He knew "The Bear" was responsible, and after the manner of "The Valley" strapped on a revolver and went hunting personal satisfaction for something the law couldn't cure. He kicked open the door of a barroom to find "The Bear" seated at a table surrounded by cronies of his gang. His gun at "The Bear's" head he stood over him, scowling dangerously.

"I'd have killed him as he sat there," the patrolman said later, "if he'd so much as lifted an eyebrow, but he sat tighter'n I've ever seen him sit before."

For several minutes the two men glared at each other. "The Bear" didn't move a muscle. The patrolman spoke at last:

"You get off base just once and I'll tag you out."

Without another word he stamped out.

A few weeks later, after innumerable continuances, the case against "The Bear's" brother was set for hearing. Before it was called the Alderman from "The Valley," an old friend of the patrolman, came to him in the courtroom.

"I'm going to fine that kid," said the patrolman, "if it's the last thing I do."

"Go ahead; do what you think is right, John," interposed the Alderman genially. "But I thought I might as well tell you I'll have to pay the fine out of my own pocket."

The cop looked at the Alderman silently for a long time.

"Christ!" he said, and walked out of the courtroom.

OLIVER H. P. GARRETT.

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The New French Budget

ONCE more the announcement is made that France has achieved a balanced budget. After months of wrangling, the French Parliament on April 30, 1926, voted the law covering receipts and expenditures of the government for the current calendar year. Four monthly budgets had already been voted to provide for government operations during the third of the year that had passed, and the provisions contained in these were incorporated in the law along with the estimates for the eight months of the year still remaining. For the whole twelve months' period, revenues were estimated at 37,499 million francs; expenditures at 37,338 millions; thus providing for a surplus of 161 millions. A good showing on paper—but the sceptic is asking whether in fact an actual balancing of receipts and expenditures is likely to be realized.

This question can best be answered if broken into two parts: (1) Is the estimated total of expenditures a fair estimate covering all probable expenditures of the government during the year, and, how is the figure likely to respond to a fall in the value of the franc? (2) Is it probable that estimated increases in revenues will be forthcoming?

Are Expenditures Understated?

A glance through the items on the expenditures side of the budget shows that certain of the necessary payments on reconstruction account will be met by turning over national defense bonds to the sinistrés, and certain other reconstruction costs will be met by the use of government rentes. No figure is added into the total for these two items. Instead of an estimate, the word "memoire" appears in the "amounts" column. This entry is in accord with general budgetary accounting practice in France, the word memoire indicating that at present it is impossible to estimate these items, and that at the end of the accounting period, expenditures under these heads will be added into the year's total of expenditures. For purposes of comparison, however, it is interesting to know that in 1925 these two items accounted for 3.2 billions of expenditures; in 1924, to 3.3 billions.

It should also be noted that on the receipts side of the budget, these expenditures are offset respectively by the entry of "value of national defense bonds given in payment for certain war damages, memoire," and by "value of rentes given for certain war damages, memoire." Thus, when the accounts for the year 1926 are finally closed, government securities that have been used for the payment of expenditures will be counted as revenue. This, too, is in accord with recent practice in France, but it tends to obscure the true situation. Put briefly, it means that at the close of 1926 the accounts of the government will understate the budgetary deficit for the year. They will not show the full extent to which the government debt has been increased by reason of the year's operations.

Other omissions of expenditures are more difficult to detect. Ever since the War, the expenditures of the government have been broken up into numerous accounts. For a time three separate budgets, and a great number of special accounts, were simultaneously in operation. One of these, the general budget, was always in apparent balance —for no expenditures that could not be offset by probable revenues were incorporated in it. Since Parliamentary debates and public discussions have centred almost entirely around this general budget, it is easy to understand why there has been so much optimism about the French financial situation.

In 1925, for the first time since the War, all three budgets were merged in one. But this does not mean that all expenditures were included in one account. Certain items were classed as extra-budgetary, on one theory or another, and were charged directly against the Treasury. The total of these charges in 1925 amounted to approximately 6 billion francs. This figure, it must be borne in mind, has nothing to do with the meeting of maturing obligations. It is strictly a part of the operating deficit for the year.

The 1926 budget law approaches one step nearer the goal of budgetary unity, for it covers 1.6 billions of pension charges and 356 millions of capital expenditures for posts, telegraphs and telephones; two items that heretofore have been charged against the Treasury. But the important fact is that some items are still classed as extra-budgetary. Late in April it was estimated that (in addition to the 3,346 millions of Treasury bonds maturing in 1926, and the billion or more of foreign debt maturities) the expenditures to be charged directly against the Treasury would amount to 3.9 billion francs.

From the above discussion it is already apparent that the actual deficit of the government in 1926 will amount to a considerable figure. Payments to the sinistrés, if estimated at about the 1924 or 1925 figure, will approximate 3.2 billion francs. Extra-budgetary charges (aside from debt maturities) are set at approximately 3.9 billions. Thus the expenditures figure is apparently understated to the extent of 7 billion francs or more.

The effect of a depreciating franc on expenditures cannot be estimated with any precision. Foreign interest charges will of course automatically rise as the franc falls. For example, in the budget law, interest charges on the foreign debt are set at

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1,461 million francs, with the franc valued at about 3.8 cents. If these payments are eventually made in francs of an average value as low as that reached on May 18 of this year, the actual charge will be 380 million francs greater than the sum provided for. Other increases are more difficult to estimate. It is generally acknowledged that wages and prices will rise as the franc falls, but with some lag. Furthermore, wages and prices have not yet become adjusted to recent franc declines. Without attempting a more definite statement, it may be said that barring an unforeseen appreciation in the value of the franc, a general rise in wages and prices is likely to carry actual expenditures for a great many items covered by the law to a considerably higher figure than that estimated.

In the course of the year, this fact and a general tendency to shave estimates below absolute requirements will again require the voting of additional budgetary credits. In 1925, for example, these supplementary grants carried the budgetary expenditures to a figure 4.3 billion francs higher than that voted in the budget law for the year. Apparently it requires less courage to vote expenditures piecemeal than to face them in one enormous total. The French Parliament is well aware of all this. In the Chamber of Deputies a short time ago, for example, one of the deputies pointed out that each new Minister of Finance joyfully tells the country that at last a balanced budget is in sight. "But our joy is of short duration," he continued, "for in the course of the fiscal year, this same Minister of Finance invariably finds it necessary to appear before Parliament to request a grant of supplementary credits."

Are Revenues Overstated?

The revenue estimates must now be considered. For 1926 these total 37,499 million francs; a figure that is 4.3 billions larger than the estimate for 1925, and more than 6 billions in excess of 1925 collections. This high estimate is largely explained by notable increases in a number of classes of tax rates. Whether these increases in rates will result in the estimated increases in revenues is open to question.

Approximately 1.1 billions of increased revenues are called for under the heading of direct taxes—the groups known as the "old, assimilated and income taxes." The estimate for this group in 1926 is set at 7.4 billions, as compared with actual collections of 6.3 billions last year. The present estimate, therefore, represents an increase of more than 17 percent in comparison with 1925 collections. Furthermore, it is 27 percent above collections for 1924, and 90 percent above those for 1922.

Revenues from this class of taxes are dependent upon two factors: the tax rates, and the incomes on which these rates are levied. Thus far collections have steadily expanded with the increases in rates, but there is a limit beyond which further expansion cannot be looked for. When rates pass reason, evasion becomes general. The last revision has carried the income-tax rates for France to an extraordinarily high level. For example, the assessment for a married man, with three children, who is engaged in industry or commerce, is equivalent to a charge of $34 on a $1,000 income; $415 on a $4,000 income; and to $2,000 on a $10,000 income. The effectiveness of the new rates is therefore open to serious doubt.

So far as the level of incomes is concerned, the returns for 1926 will probably show no great increase over returns for 1925. Here it must be recalled that 1926 collections are based on incomes earned in 1925, while 1925 collections are based on 1924 incomes. Without going into details, it may be said that increases in incomes that might have resulted in 1925 from the general rise in prices, were to a considerable extent offset by a general slowing down in many lines of industry. All in all, therefore, the figure set for the direct taxes appears to be a fairly optimistic one.

Revenues from customs duties for 1926 are estimated at a figure 1.3 billions above the amount collected for 1925. This is a generous increase in view of the fact that collections in 1925 fell 800 millions short of the budgetary estimate. The French customs tariff is a tariff of specific duties, collections being determined by the quantities of goods imported rather than by the prices charged for them. With a falling currency and consequent increases in prices, therefore, a considerable increase in the total *value* of imports may actually result in a decrease in customs collections. This was the case in 1925. Although the total value of imports was 4 billion francs greater in 1925 than in 1924, and despite a considerable increase in rates, collections fell 120 million francs below those for 1924. This paradoxical result is explained by the figures showing the *volume* of imports for the two years: 47,426 thousand metric tons in 1925, as compared with 56,591 thousand in 1924. The realization of the 1926 estimate for this class of revenues therefore seems to be decidedly problematical.

Another billion of increased revenues is expected from the turnover tax; 1.1 billions from the registration and stamp taxes; and 900 millions from excise and consumption taxes. Here, aside from the increases in rates, the government stands to realize on its estimates, for in general the collections will increase with the increase in the paper franc value of business transactions. A depreciating franc therefore automatically means increasing revenues, even though there should also be a general slowing down in the volume of business transactions.

This brief summary of the two sides of the

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budget gives the sceptic his answer. An actual balancing of receipts and expenditures in 1926 is far from probable. If some drastic measure is not taken, and taken soon, another year will end with an operating deficit, and another net sum will be added to the staggering total of the country's public debt. Reconstruction payments in the form of government securities will account for part of this debt increase. The rest will have to come directly from new loans. Where these new loans will come from is the subject of much anxious speculation. The lending power of the French people has been practically exhausted. The prospects of a foreign loan are being canvassed. Failing that, new advances from the Bank of France cannot be avoided—and that way lies further inflation, further depreciation of the currency, with repercussions upon wages and prices, and eventually upon the budget for 1927 and succeeding years.

CLEONA LEWIS.

Armenia and the Honor of America

HONORABLE uncertainty or uncertain honor!"

This is the dilemma by which certain friends of Armenia in the United States believe our government to be confronted in its relations with the new Republic of Turkey.

Admitting that the situation of American schools, hospitals and other interests in Turkey is distinctly precarious so long as the pending treaty of general relations remains unratified, these friends of Armenia—who by a fortunate accident have no concrete interests in Turkey—are moving heaven and earth to defeat the treaty because, in omitting to provide for the establishment of a national Armenian home, it seems to them to be a betrayal of the Armenians who have looked to the United States for redress of their grievous wrongs.

To anyone who reads the profuse literature put out by the American Committee Opposed to the Lausanne Treaty it must be obvious that the active members of this Committee are incurable romanticists, still led by the glamorous ideal of the high destiny of America in the creation of a new world order. They are, however, so far aware of the wallowing of their fellow citizens in the mire of realism that they make their appeal for the Armenians not on the grounds of the sympathy which they know to be felt by the American people, but on the grounds of an obligation involving the national honor. This obligation they deduce, in the main, from the military services of the Armenians to the Allied cause and from the alleged commitments of Presidents Wilson and Harding.

Before examining the alleged grounds of our obligation to the Armenians it may be useful to point out that the Armenians on whose behalf this obligation is asserted are the Armenians of Turkey and not those of Russia. The two million Armenians who were formerly subjects of Russia are securely established in a state of their own which they call Armenia, and no appeal is made to us by anyone with authority to speak for them. The Armenians for whose benefit it is desired to wreck the pending treaty are the fifteen hundred thousand refugees from Turkey.

THE MILITARY SERVICES OF THE ARMENIANS

A curious fact which is encountered at the beginning of our inquiry is that the military services which are alleged as a ground of obligation toward the Turkish Armenians were performed almost entirely by the Armenians of Russia. There were of course some Turkish Armenians in the Allied armies, just as there were citizens of the United States in the Allied armies before our country entered the War. The fact that the Turkish Armenians did not contribute more largely to the success of the Allied cause should not be set down to their discredit. Many of them would doubtless have been glad to serve with the Allied colors if they had not been conscripted by their Turkish rulers. But the fact remains that the only considerable military service of the Armenians on the side of the Allies was rendered by subjects of Russia, who have received their reward in the present flourishing state of Armenia. The first of the alleged grounds of our obligation to the Turkish Armenians appears, therefore, to be exceedingly slender.

THE PRESIDENTIAL COMMITMENTS

The Presidential commitments relied upon as sources of obligation toward the Turkish Armenians are the following:

1. President Wilson's declaration, in the twelfth of the famous fourteen points, that the non-Turkish peoples under Turkish rule "should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development."
2. President Wilson's action in drawing the boundaries of Armenia, in 1920, so as to include both the present state of Armenia and four provinces of Turkey.
3. President Harding's alleged statement, on the eve of the Lausanne Conference of 1922-1923, that " . . . Everything which may be done will be done to protect the Armenian people and preserve to them the rights which the Sèvres Treaty undertook (Wilson award) to bestow."

Without entering into such questions as the competence of a President of the United States to contract an obligation on the part of our government by declarations or action of the character of the

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foregoing, let us consider in the broadest possible way what value may properly be attached to each of the alleged commitments.

The Fourteen Points

The declaration of President Wilson in favor of the minorities in Turkey was a part of the "program of the world's peace" which the President presented to Congress, and through Congress to the world, in January, 1918. It was doubtless made with a full realization of the hopes which it would raise and of the sustained efforts which would be required to give it practical effect. By this declaration the President, with the apparent approval of Congress and the American people, committed our government to an endorsement of the general principle of safety and autonomy for the Armenians and other subject peoples of Turkey. The part which we were to take in giving effect to this principle remained, however, to be determined in the light of our peculiar relation to our associates in the War and in the light of our traditional policy with respect to participation in the political concerns of the Old World.

In determining the significance which may properly be attached to the President's declaration in favor of the minorities in Turkey it is of the highest importance to bear in mind that neither at the time this declaration was made nor later was the United States at war with Turkey. There is nothing to indicate that war between the two countries was considered imminent at the time of the declaration. In view of this fact and of the traditional rôle of Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia as protectors of the Christian population of Turkey, it may be reasonably inferred that at the time of the President's declaration neither he nor the American people contemplated that the United States would be called upon to take a leading part in compelling the Turks to give satisfaction to the minorities. It may be taken for granted that the primary responsibility for obtaining territorial or other concessions for the benefit of the minorities was then expected by the President to rest upon the Allies, who were at war with Turkey. The President's declaration, therefore, in view of the circumstances in which it was made, can hardly be regarded as having committed the United States to anything more definite than a policy of coöperating with the Allies in their efforts to assure safety and autonomy to the minorities.

Now, how far has the policy thus declared been adhered to by the representatives of the United States since January, 1918? There has been but one notable deviation from it. That was President Wilson's provisional indication, in 1920, of his willingness to assume full responsibility for the welfare of the Armenians. The President did not promise the Allies nor anyone else that he would assume this responsibility. He realized the gravity of the responsibility and its inconsistency with the traditional policy of the United States as regards Old World affairs. Accordingly, he undertook merely to lay the matter before Congress with a favorable recommendation. When Congress saw fit to deny the authority sought by the President, the representatives of the United States simply resumed their rôle of seconding the efforts of the Allies to obtain adequate concessions for the Armenians and other minorities in Turkey. It was this rôle which was played by the American representatives at Lausanne, and it was partly as a result of their efforts that the Turks agreed to the inclusion in the Allied-Turkish Treaty of Peace of special provisions for the benefit of the minorities remaining in Turkey.

It is true that only a handful of Armenians remain in Turkey to enjoy the "undoubted security of life" which President Wilson declared they should have. It is true also that, though some four hundred thousand Armenians from Turkey have found a home in the state of Armenia maintained by their Russian brothers, there is no single spot in Turkey or elsewhere in which the Turkish Armenians are accorded the "absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development" which the President stipulated. The "program of the world's peace" as regards the Armenians in Turkey has almost completely failed of realization. It failed largely because the American Congress, with its ear to the ground, declined to authorize the President to take the leading part in its realization. It is a dismal chapter in our history, but it is a no less dismal chapter in the history of our Allies. The primary responsibility for the Turkish settlement rested upon them, both as the victors in a war with Turkey and as the traditional protectors of the Christian population of the country. We merely at one time tentatively considered the possibility of assuming responsibility for the Armenians. We never promised to assume that responsibility, and we never failed in the obligation, imposed by the President's declaration of January, 1918, to coöperate with the Allies in their efforts, by negotiation, to secure just provision for the minorities of Turkey.

The Wilson Award

The so-called "award" of President Wilson with respect to the boundaries of Armenia was made in pursuance of a request of the Allied Supreme Council at San Remo and in accordance with the terms of the still-born Treaty of Sèvres. It was obvious at the time of the signature of that treaty that the plenipotentiaries appointed by the Sultan were not the representatives of the only independent government then existing in Turkey. That government had in fact served notice several months before from Angora that it would not be bound by the acts of the Sultan, who was regarded by Mustapha Kemal as a puppet in the hands of the Allies at Constan-

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tinople. The Treaty of Sèvres was never ratified by any of its signatories. There is therefore not the slightest basis for a contention that the Turkish government is bound by the treaty or by the decision given by the President in pursuance of its terms. From the point of view of the dignity of the President and of the United States it would doubtless have been better if the decision had never been made or announced. Since it was in fact made and announced, the best that can be said of it is that it was made with a sincere desire to see justice done to the Armenians and with the expectation that the Greek troops then charged with the task of keeping the Turks in order would be more successful than they proved to be. Certainly it carried with it no implication of an obligation on the part of the President or of our government to compel the Turks to give up the four provinces which the President thought should be incorporated with the territory of the Russian Armenians to form a Greater Armenia.

Mr. Harding's Promise

The importance which the champions of Armenia attach to the alleged promise of President Harding is significant as to the strength of their case. What could be emptier than a promise that whatever may be done will be done? It sounds like nothing more than simple futurity—or, perhaps better, simple futility. But is there not more here than meets the eye? The quotation is preceded by dots. What was omitted? And is it really possible that even the stylist of Marion could have perpetrated such a sentence as " . . . Everything which may be done will be done in seeking to protect the Armenian people and preserve to them the rights which the Sèvres Treaty undertook to bestow"? The friends of Armenia, or some of them, were not above a gross misrepresentation of the views of an American Consul General regarding the Turks.* It is hard to avoid the suspicion that President Harding, who, as Senator, had opposed vigorous measures in behalf of the Armenians, may have qualified his promise by a reference to the necessity of adhering to the established policy of the administration as regards the Near East. In the absence of the full text of the letter it is impossible to take seriously the President's alleged commitment to the Armenians.

Honor and Prestige

The arguments by which the friends of Armenia undertake to prove the existence of an obligation of our government toward the Turkish Armenians are hopelessly weak and inconclusive. The failure of the dreams of this unhappy people has left no stain upon our honor, and we are in no way bound in honor to assist them in their further efforts to obtain a national home. In our relations with the Armenians we have, indeed, lost something which is occasionally identified with honor, but the correct name for what we have lost is not honor, but esteem—the esteem of the Armenians—or pride, our pride in the magnificence of the rôle we thought of playing as liberators of an oppressed people. There is still enough of the sentiment of humanity in the United States to cause our government and people to welcome an opportunity to assist the Armenians in any way that is consistent with our fundamental principles. But the Armenians cannot reasonably hope to gain anything by appealing to us in the name of an obligation which does not exist to take action which is wholly impracticable. They desire our government to refuse to deal with Turkey except on condition of the establishment of the proposed Armenian home on Turkish soil. They do not realize that the only possible effect of such a procedure, in view of the intense nationalism now prevalent in Turkey, would be to jeopardize the actual American interests in that country, to lower still further the prestige which they confuse with our honor, and to destroy whatever influence we may have toward that liberalization of the Turkish government out of which relief for the Armenians may eventually come.

Edgar Turlington.

* Consul General Ravndal, who resided in Constantinople from 1910 to 1925 and who has repeatedly expressed himself as hopeful in regard to the future of the Turkish Republic, is quoted in the publication entitled The Lausanne Treaty, Turkey and Armenia as saying that the outlook is not encouraging. The four paragraphs in this vein attributed to the Consul General are in fact from the pen of Mr. E. G. Mears.

Wetward, Ho!

When three strong Woppingtonians meet face to face in Elmer Durkin's news and nicotine dispensary, the talk inevitably turns to alcohol. Out of the bitter and unreasonable May night had come that embattled wet, Oscar Binns, also Quigley, an earnest, sincere prohibitionist and book-keeper. The unofficial observer let his guests argue each other into a state of helplessness and then said:

"Day by day in every way we are growing wetter and wetter."

"Yes; look at Pennsylvania!" Mr. Binns was flushed with victory.

"Tush!" exclaimed Lester Quigley with ready repartee.

"You can't pish and tush that off, Quigg," said Elmer. "The dripping, wringing and sopping wets made a grand clean-up that day, even though the President sent his boyfriend, Mellon, to sling the bull. Nobody can dope out any other alibi for shipping Vare to the Senate. Now New York is going to throw a referendum on the beer question next fall and I've got a hunch that the rum fiend will cop the bunting. Maybe those newspaper straw votes didn't cut so much ice, but there's scads of other evidence. This order of Coolidge's that has been raising such a ruckus, letting the government hire state officers at nothing per to gumshoe the bootleggers—they got away with rougher stuff than that without a squawk a little while back, but

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now it looks so sour people thought it was invented by Garibaldi Sargent. Kid yourself all you like but the Volstead act is not knocking them dead in the big time and it's not such a wow in the tank circuit as it was. Anti-saloon and Uncle Sam are not a necking party any more."

"The people never were for the Amendment," declared Mr. Binns. "It was put over on them."

"I never was sold on that, Oscar," Elmer replied. "Lots of territory went Sahara by the ballot box route long before the Eighteenth Commandment. Legislators didn't vote dry because they hated the smell of the stuff, but because they hated private life. The people were willing to try anything once so they tried prohibition."

"And found it guilty." Epigram by Binns.

"Still it looked good for a while, at that. The first year was the easiest. Rum-runners, bootleggers and home-brewers hadn't doped their system yet. Remember what a dry season we had here in Woppington? With my own lamps I saw that old souse, Hank Deever, ankling down Main Street as sober as Willie Upshaw. Nobody packed anything on the hip stronger than Fireman's Friend cooking tobacco, and if you heard a blowout, it was a tire, not a still. I thought they'd got away with it, but now it's all a washout.

"Where they pulled a boner, they didn't prohibit speech as well as hooch. Talk is fighting on the side of the wets, and talk packs a meaner wallop than all the merry Andrews —Volstead, Mellon and Lincoln C. They held that gab-fest down in Washington and spilled eleven million words, pro and con. When I had inhaled that hop for three days my tongue got so fuzzy I blew myself to a snifter of Sandy Gill's third-rail which, the Lord knows, was never meant to be taken internally or even rubbed on.

"Well, the goofers are getting jerry to their mistake now and it looks as if the question was settled—I mean settled on our chest like the heaves. We've got about as swell a chance to unamend the Constitution as Buckner has to make Manhattan a desert island. The bonedrys may be skidding, but they still carry a punch in both mitts. The South looks as Volsteady as ever. Those Dixies know moonshine is a curse—also where you can get it if you've got what it takes. Out in the silo belt they're pretty well satisfied with prohibition as is. They should worry as long as grapes and apples misbehave so pleasant if encouraged. It looks as if we were in a jam for fair. We can't enforce the law, we can't junk it, and we can't talk about anything else.

"If they'd hand us wet and dry candidates for President we might get it out of our system—say a couple of grade A governors like Al Smith and Giff Pinchot. But I don't see where that's coming soon. Politicians do hate to monkey with questions that people get steamed up over. The booze issue has slipped a one-way ticket to many a high panjandrum who was a crummy guesser and it's about as welcome to those birds as the whooping cough in the orphan's home. The loudest breach of the peace we'll hear from now on is a statesman changing the subject, but even a straddle-artist is always liable to get it where Pepper got the primaries."

"They ought to legalize light wines and beers," said Mr. Binns. "That would put an end to this terrible law violation."

"It might help some," said the newsdealer, "but 2.75 doesn't ring any joybells for a real hooch-hound. He doesn't think he's had anything to drink unless the stuff will eat holes in a tin roof."

Mr. Binns had one of those flashes of insight.

"Prohibition doesn't prohibit."

"Sure, I know, but that's not where it hurts you most. When a rummy says that it's mostly blah-blah."

Thus encouraged, Mr. Quigley reëntered the conversation as follows:

"In spite of all, the Volstead act is a good thing. Look at the increase in savings bank deposits."

"Fair enough," said Elmer. "Prohibition agents, speak-easies and padlock-makers have to have some place to store their sugar."

"How do you suppose it will all come out?"

"It's by me, Quig, but I think Nature will develop a breed of statesmen who are very spiffy at the sidestep. By and by the Eighteenth Amendment will go the way of the Fifteenth—you take it or let it alone. A darkey can vote if he picks the right climate to live in; otherwise nix. That's the good old American way. Keep the law shut up in the book where it belongs and let your conscience be your guide."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

IN these closing days of Congress one of the most interesting developments to me is the carefree, Billy-be-damned way in which the truculent Senior Senator from Missouri, Jim Reed, pushing all the other fellows out of the way, has assumed with his usual lordly manner the real leadership of the wet cause in Washington, which means in the country. It was not, truth to tell, a very difficult thing to do either with the public or in Congress. For a long while now the active men in the well financed Anti-Prohibition Association have been acutely and audibly conscious that such leadership as they had at the Capitol was noisy but ineffective. Hill, the Maryland Congressman, is generally recognized as a mere circus man in politics, while on the Senate side the inadequacy of the Edge-Bruce-Edwards trio to command serious attention and gain real ground has been too apparent to be denied. Hence when Senator Reed stepped forth in the Senate hearings and took charge the wet chorus all over the country threw up their hats and cheered. Not only that but the other wet Senators gave ground and without a murmur became lieutenants. From now on apparently, Reed will sit at the head of the table.

In this connection it is not without interest to remark that Reed of Missouri is generally conceded by Washington observers to be the one Senator who comes out of this session with an enhanced reputation. I am by no means contending that it is deserved, but merely stating the fact. Those who know Missouri politics the best unite in the assertion that he has increased his strength in that state to a point where the success of the popular Harry Hawes, Democratic candidate for the Senate, depends

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wholly upon the warmth and enthusiasm of the support he gets from Reed. None of this ought to be construed as meaning that Reed is looming up as a candidate for President or is growing as a factor in the national councils of his party. I could give a dozen valid and incontrovertible reasons why neither is possible. He is unavailable in as many directions as any man of whom I can now think, but that does not alter the circumstance that in this session he has stood out stronger than any other Senator and is at the height of his power in his state. I do not care to be set down as an admirer of Senator Reed, because I am not. The real explanation of why he has gained in stature this time is because he is surrounded in the Senate by mediocre men. Whatever else he may be he is not that.

Recently there has been here much favorable talk about the Al Smith candidacy for President. Personally, Smith to me is a far saner, sounder, more sensible man to follow on the liquor issue or any other than Reed. He is neither extreme nor violent nor bad-tempered. That he has grown in strength since the New York convention is asserted by enthusiasts in and around the Capitol, but is not susceptible of proof. He may be or he may not be stronger. All I know is that most of these Southern Democratic Senators are just as confident as they were before that the Smith nomination would break the Solid South. They concede he ought not to be voted against because he is a Catholic, but are most emphatic in their private assertions that the combination of wet, Tammany and Romanist would be calamitous. Accordingly I judge that when the time comes most of the Southern Democratic states will be lined up against the proposed abrogation of the two-thirds rule in the Democratic convention which is distinctly in the interest of the Smith candidacy, no matter where the movement started.

Discussion of Presidential candidacies is justified at this time because while the public generally is never aware of it, here in Washington it is recognized that the close of the mid-term session always marks the real start of the next Presidential campaign. So far as the Democrats are concerned it certainly finds Smith as the overshadowing man in their party, but with the handicap of religious prejudice still weighing against his availability. My belief is that if they get that two-thirds rule changed he will be nominated anyhow and I shall be glad of it. Soon or late this fight has got to be made in this country and the sooner the better.

Of course Smith has some vital decisions to make this fall. To retain his prestige and justify his leadership he has got to keep New York Democratic, whether he runs for Governor or not. His job, if he does not himself run, and my feeling is he will this time stick by his resolution, is to find a winner. It is interesting to learn that they are not taking the negative attitude of Owen D. Young as settling the question of whether he can be induced to run for Governor. Certainly Mr. Young's no was nothing like as final as Mr. Hughes's no. He did not say that if nominated he would not accept. By no means. Whether he would accept or not I have no means of knowing, but I have heard the idea advanced that in case he were nominated and elected Governor, and in case Smith should again fail to land the Presidential nomination, Mr. Young would be the natural and logical following choice. Whether this would be an inducement or a deterrent so far as getting him to run for Governor is concerned depends upon the optimism of the individual and the angle from which he looks at these things.

On the Republican side of the fence I think it is obvious to all discerning persons here that the disposition of Republican Senators and party leaders to disregard Mr. Coolidge's wishes and policies has grown during this session. As I have repeatedly pointed out he never had any real friends among his party leaders. Death and circumstances forced him on them, but they have always resented him as an accident and been irritated by the political necessity of publicly pretending to think him what they know he is not. The Pennsylvania primaries more than anything else increased the feeling that it is no longer necessary to pretend that Mr. Coolidge is either personally impeccable or politically invincible. Accordingly in the last few weeks there has been less effort to hide their real feelings and a greater carelessness as to White House favor than before. I know of no really important party man who is at heart for Mr. Coolidge for another term. I know of none who would not gleefully help ditch him if it could be safely done. Development of recent weeks have increased the belief that it will soon be safe to shove him aside. However, it is not safe yet. They have to wait until after November. Even then, while his doom may be sealed there will be little open hostility upon the part of Senators. There are too many federal jobs to be handed out from the White House for overt unfriendliness.

My own feeling, however, is that regardless of the continuance of his press support and the well known power of the Presidential patronage, the Coolidge 1928 prospects are dwindling. If the convention were this summer he would of course be re-nominated. I still believe that his chances of succeeding himself are good—such is the power of the Presidential office and his press support, but I confess my belief is beginning to weaken and my hope increasing. There does seem almost too little in him to last much longer.

Washington. T. R. B.

Promise of Peace

The heads of strong old age are beautiful
Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,
Integrity, health, soundness, to the full
They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.
A young man must not sleep, his years are war
Civil and foreign but the former's worse,
But the old can breathe in safety now that they are
Forgetting what youth means, the being perverse,
Running the fool's gauntlet and getting cut
By the whips of the five senses. As for me
If I should wish to live long it were but
To trade those fevers for tranquillity,
Thinking, though that's entire and sweet in the grave,
How shall the dead taste the deep treasure they have?

ROBINSON JEFFERS.

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Thomas Beer, Esq're

WHEN he talks with you, he has a way of turning from you: his eyes glance sidewise: and although his words are most appositely for you, his attention close upon your mood, the man himself is remote from this perhaps too painful present. His adverse sociability —for he loves company—is a symbol of him. He, in his life, quick to the life about him, is yet turned away —turned back, in a sort of affectionate disgust, to his own past, and to the past of what surrounds him.

From this manner have come books: The Life of Stephen Crane, Sandoval, now The Mauve Decade, that are a treasure in our store. They are a treasure because of a coincidence: they are so very part of Thomas Beer himself; and himself is a function, so very smooth and so significant, of this shifting age we dwell in. To dwell with this man in his retrospects is profitable, since we can win from him some of the clairvoyance he, out of fine bitterness, has won from his own contemplation.

When he talks with you (never *to* you) you feel, if you knew him, that the fifteen years since college have not changed him. Then as now, he was a boy in body as in mind. His plumpness had an ursine grace, as if this paddling walk across the Campus or across Broadway were just the thing to gain him secret access to some Reminiscence. A disdain was on his solemn face, from which the keen words shyly parted. His eyes had a brave cleanliness of distance. You felt that some betrayal had already made his thought heir to the anguish of delusion. And there he stood, barbed and plagued by the experience to which he was devoted.

Such subtle suffering makes for fondness and far-sightedness. Pain, to be delicious, must not be too close. The accommodated eyes of Thomas Beer cannot, therefore, see near things without a blurring. His natural gaze became a reminiscent one: it was the world just over the horizon of his boyhood, from which he chose to suffer. But if the physical eye was fixed in this commingled past of his own childish joys and miseries, the present man was with it: the present mind distilled from the past he saw an irony perhaps more wholly of our day, than that of any of his American writing fellows.

Here is the fused dichotomy or paradox which of Thomas Beer makes that most rare American consummation: a writer wholly individualized and wholly equipped for expression. His temper of today pastures in the rank fields of yesterday. This temper of today—bitter and smart—is the flower of those fields. Mr. Beer may not know that in his destructive modernness he is fulfilling what those rank fields called for. But the result is no less proper, for his deluded sense of an aloofness. Mr. Beer is an excellent destroyer, because he is so attached to his victim. He is a razer of dead grasses. He is a burner of rotten vegetations.

To reconstruct our "past" has become a common enterprise in our contemporary letters. The American past is after all our body. If we would use it, we must know it. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks makes of it a moral weapon: and Mr. Carl Sandburg, in his Lincoln, made of it a prophetic vision. Such men conserve: seeing our accumulated life as a slough or peak, whence we should leap forward. But Mr. Beer destroys. He would make of our past a "scratch" of death. More lyrically fecund than T. S. Eliot, he enthusiastically turns our yesterday into a wasteland. This, surely, is a better and more inspirational trick than the weak wailing for past splendors from a present desert.

The Mauve Decade serves a pretty running fire on the scene of the American nineties. The book is a sharp answer to the vague, dithyrambic poster-painting of Mark Sullivan's recent volume. Here, featly, Mr. Beer sends bullets to pick off Bryan and Roosevelt and the Chicago Fair, and Frances Willard and all the artists and all the rhetoricians of their day. From the mouth of fame, they drop into a laughable limbo where, perhaps, they are more safe from extinction than they were before. Mr. Beer is too clever and too bored to fix any single target for more than a mere moment. At once, his eye wanders away. Also, he is—we suspect—too enthusiastic, too excited by this variety of "game" to study any of it ere he kills and passes. Like an ecstasied child whose Christmas floor is littered with too many toys, he flits from each to each—breaking as he goes. And so, the exquisite volume, with its pallid cover, hides a holocaust. Gods, customs, virtues, valors scatter prone and done-for, upon the elegant carpet of this prose.

Withal, The Mauve Decade is not near so fine a work as Sandoval. Has America, in our endemicity of mediocre novels (as alike as Fords and each promptly buried in the praise of critics whose single possession is their adjectives) so many respectable literary works that it can neglect this minor masterpiece? Sandoval has the defect of being perfect. A perfect novel is hermetic: the reader must break into it, it will do no wooing. The book is an ironic romance of the New York which emerged clumsily affluent from the Civil War. Sandoval himself is a scoundrel whose subtle and convincing flesh reveals by contrast the carpentry-composition of the more recent and more touted Gatsby of Scott Fitzgerald. Sandoval's New York is succulent, luscious, solid as a peach. Deep within is the pit: an empty, bitter plot, a tragedy that laughs at itself and that does not come off. Like any pit, you can throw it away. What lingers of this extraordinary book is a wavering warm perfume: the affection of two inarticulate brothers.

This is the ultimate trait in Thomas Beer: a tender boy's. And his destructive books have an appeal profound beyond cleverness, and bitter-sweet, because it is a tender boy who does the destroying. The man is an atom of unattached affection ironically attaching itself to a dead distance he can jeer at and expose. He serves up a liquor of the past, distilled with his own modern pain of it.

One feels him affectionately rebellious of the towers of our world. And if it is the huts of yesterday he levels in The Mauve Decade, the reason is the man's shyness —and far-sightedness. He needs the remote to aim well. For he is too sedulous an artist to attack what he has not first sighted wholly, and too deft a one to make of his study a laborious vigil.

Therefore has this writer of good prose steeped himself in the bad prose of the nineteenth century: has this

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graceful mind emulated the ungainly gestures of our past. He is a good omen—although he knows it not, nor cares. For his destructiveness upon the rank and rotted fields of yesterday helps make a clean, low, well burned level for the new ploughing and for the Seed of tomorrow.

WALDO FRANK.

Play Ball!

THERE are no baseball critics, even in the limited sense in which we use the word dramatic critics. There are only sport writers. The national pastime deserves better of us; it is on the whole more interesting than what we can see on Broadway; it is fully as rich in stage effects, personal triumphs, artistry, craftsmanship, nuance; it offers, to the skilled æsthetic mind, the most gorgeous opportunities for self-expression. The sport writers are an easy-going crowd with some practice in the description of the grosser phenomena of the game, but no subtlety, no fine susceptibility to form, no support, no sense of the past, no command of the fleeting shades of language without which interpretative salt even masterpieces seem indigestible. England boasts a few critics of cricket who write about the batsmanship of Hobbs and Grace as you or I would without thinking write about brushwork or Chinese vases. I open my favorite paper at my favorite page, and what do I find? Minds steeped in tradition weaving significant words about the beautiful, the unprecedented, the soul-shaking, the tender, touching slide to second made in the third inning of the first game by Jones of Cincinnati? Hardly. What I read, while my imagination strains to repicture Jones, deftly, gracefully, with that consummate art which he alone possesses, brushing the dust from his pants, is a lot of incomprehensible jargon about "pilfering," or "swiping" or "hitting the dirt." And I go on to read what I have heard others call a "farrago of nonsense" about "fanning the breeze," "hitting the apple on the nose," "smiting the air," "pulling a bone," "hooking the plate," "foozling a rotter," "grooving a fast one," "pegging to third," "napping at first." Those lovely looping journeys of the ball into distant parts of the air are translated into "smacked a bingle," "poled a double," "crashed a triple," "swatted a homer." All this tells me nothing. My soul thirsts for intimate, accurate, æsthetic-visual information. When Smith was caught napping, was he standing on one leg or two? Where did the ball touch him? What was his mien as he shuffled to the dugout? Was the throw low, or high, or waist-high? What was the precise intonation used by the umpire? Did he say "out," "aht" or "yur-raht"? Did he gain the desired effect? Was his first utterance effective, or did he have to repeat it? And all those bingles and smacks and swats and flies and liners, how did they look? They have as much individuality as the players. They deserve something better than merely to be catalogued. Some of them are unspeakably lovely as they flash, a bare yard above the ground, to the green outfield. Now how many of your sport writers have noticed that the outfield is a deep and poignant green? They call the outfields gardens, but that is as far as they go. Nor do they seem to observe that the sky is blue, and that therefore what they dismiss as a bingle is in reality the swift and stately journey of a small white point which cuts a brief arc in the blue and dies away with long, low, dangerous bounces in the green. Some day, when I have thoroughly mastered the game, I shall write the life history of a three-base hit, with a prologue narrating, in somewhat symbolic style, the examination of the ball by the umpire for traces of emery cloth, the pitcher's deliberate, inexorable wind-up, the puzzling mutations and declinations of the ball itself in its sixty-two foot journey (a long, eventful journey if looked at in the right way), and a main section of twenty-two chapters devoted to the batter's ancestry, previous training, average, stance, mental approach, sudden decision, powerful swing, surge of joy, devoted also to the crack of bat against ball and its echoes, to the path of the all-important ball itself as outlined against a background of Bronx apartments (2-3 rooms and bath), coatless bleacherites, the virtues of Bull Durham and the lower reaches of the score board, and capped with an epilogue made necessary by the fact that the centre-fielder, after running like a deer (describe what kind of a deer) stuck up his hand at the just and inevitable moment and caught it, so that it was not a three-base hit after all. Which is happy or unhappy according to whether you live in Cleveland.

I have sat behind third base many times with this ambition in mind: to become a critic of baseball. Not just a reviewer of baseball, but a real critic, one of those chosen creatures who make it their life's work to impale fleeting moments upon their piercing pens for the admiration of posterity. The hurrying crowds of today would not read me, and quite wisely, for I would not be writing for them. But the future would take down my books (The Slide Perfect; Home Runs of 1926; Great Outcurves I Have Known; Immortal Infield Hits; The Gloveless Hand; The History of Texas Leaguers; The Bunt, an Æsthetic Appreciation; Beautiful Errors; and Brush Off the Plate—the Rôle of the Spectator), they would take down those books and relive unspeakable moments, forgotten but for me.

And as I sit back of third, taking the notes which will be the basis of these volumes, there is borne in upon me a deep sense of the importance of what all in the grandstand can contribute to this great game. We have our part to play, too, but most of us do not play it well. The buying of peanuts, the sucking of pop, the borrowing of matches, the precise point at which, for the maximum effect, the teeth should invade a hot-dog, are fairly competently achieved. Grandstand humor leaves something to be desired. I would be proud to suggest alternatives to and improvements upon "get a new shortstop," "attaboy, shorty," "go back to Brooklyn," "glass-arm" and "be yourself." The catching of fouls by the audience leaves much to be desired. There is altogether too much ducking and scrambling. When a foul sails for the stands, heads for a hundred feet around sway and rise in alarm. The perfect spectator catches it in one hand without removing his cigar and removing his hat only afterwards, in acknowledgement. But he is rare.

My notebooks are full. Slowly, gropingly, I am evolving the basis of the critical approach to this field of art.

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I am working out a vocabulary to accord with those newly discovered principles. Let me quote from the notebook to show you that I am blazing a new trail. Often I cast my remarks into formal reviews, treating the game as if it were a play. At other times I merely immobilize, for future reference, memorable grounders or subtly appealing flies.

"At the Yankee Stadium yesterday a cultivated, vociferous first-night audience were treated to a succession of thrills in a plotless, planless endeavor of Mr. Huggins to beat the Browns. Whether or not he succeeded is of less moment than the delicious thud of pitched balls as caught in Mr. Collins's mitt. Mr. Collins's mitt has achieved a pitch, combining both volume and delicacy, which is unexampled. Unfortunately the cries of the audience made many of the thuds inaudible. But those that reached these ears will ring forever in a grateful memory.

"Mr. Speaker, on tour with a Cleveland company, was in his traditional rôle of centre-gardener. He is a nimble and active pursuer of flying balls, and his sticksmanship is both versatile and formidable. But others are also as competent in what are after all prerequisites in the art. Where Mr. Speaker excels is in a province of his own invention. There is something at once charming and fatal, with the fatal fatality of a Greek Chorus, in his gesture as he stoops down, before each pitched ball, to pluck grass from the ground. Those who wish to satisfy a jaded eye should not delude themselves into buying seats in the centre-field bleachers because of their proximity to Mr. Speaker, for of the two possible views of this gesture, the rear view is probably the less perfect. Mr. Ruth played well in a small part." ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Sadism Will Out

SIR: In your editorial of April 21, entitled Sadism Will Out, your application of the discoveries of modern psychology to the field of criminology seems to me most convincing. Moreover, when in your consideration of capital punishment you include the attitude not only of those who prosecute murderers but of those as well who merely read about them, it seems to me that you place the burden very rightly where it belongs—that is upon the shoulders of us all.

To my mind, however, your statement that "capital punishment as an institution is . . . responsible to a large extent for the failure of science to take its rightful place in criminology" is not in line with your own reasoning. In your opening paragraph it is your contention that there has been a decrease in the use of "the elementary physical tortures which were once the commonplaces of domestic life" "as the knowledge of . . . simple truths trickles down from the scientists to the laity." I see no reason why we cannot look forward to similar results from the same process with regard to the problem of capital punishment.

It is safe, I think, to take for granted that the spiritual forerunners of "unregulated infant homes and Alabama prison mines" did not concern themselves one way or the other with a scientific approach to the situation in which they were involved. Indeed, they must have been quite helpless against the inroads of science upon their province, no matter how strongly they may have exerted themselves in behalf of their sadistic methods. It was science that took the initiative in the instance to which you refer, and I can see no reason why science may not continue to do so. With that thought in mind, it seems to me that your statement would have to be reversed and read rather "so long as a neurasthenic, emotional, erotic and sadistic tinge colors the attitude of these who prosecute murderers and those who read about them, capital punishment will inevitably exist."

What I have in mind is the necessity of a scientific approach to this "neurasthenic, emotional, erotic and sadistic tinge" which colors the attitude of us all if we are really to deal intelligently with the vital problem you have presented. Nor do I make this suggestion as some Utopian approach, but as a program well within the range of practical accomplishment. In an article entitled The Laboratory Method in Psychoanalysis published in the January number of the American Journal of Psychiatry, Dr. Trigant Burrow makes very clear, through the logical development of a series of carefully considered sequences in the sphere of mental biology, "the possibility of a laboratory method with respect to man's mental processes." The article is the outcome of "the gradual recognition of the necessity to base the processes of our observation [of distortions of consciousness existing socially] upon methods involving a social or consensual technique that is as definite as that of the laboratories of objective biology."

Your article makes clear your conviction that "when the public understands the psychopathic implications" in our present method of handling murderers, it will deal with the situation accordingly. As it is only in the laboratories of chemistry and of bacteriology that there has been the possibility of understanding the facts of chemistry and of bacteriology, so it is only in the laboratory of psychopathology that there can be an understanding of the "psychopathic implications" within the fields of psychology and of criminology.

AIMÉE GUGGENHEIMER.

Baltimore, Md.

[The point of the article to which Miss Guggenheimer refers was simply that capital punishment furnishes a too easy opportunity for the exercise of sadistic tendencies in society and by the individuals selected to prosecute and punish murderers. Miss Guggenheimer suggests that we may have put the cart before the horse because we suggested the abolition of capital punishment as a means of reducing this possibility, instead of relying upon the gradual recognition of these facts eventually to end capital punishment as such recognition has already reduced other forms of social cruelty.

The two points of view do not seem necessarily mutually exclusive. The main task at the moment—so far as this psychological aspect of the situation is concerned—is to make plain the possibility that pathological cruelty has its place in the prosecution of criminals and in the public interest in the manner of their execution. Once this point has been established or even strongly implied, the burden of proof is placed squarely upon the advocate of capital punishment instead of, as at present, upon the opponent of this remnant of a savage and unscientific past.

Miss Guggenheimer's insistence upon the primacy of science in disposing of the problem is, of course, well taken, and it was just the point the editorial in question was intended to make. Fully as important, however, from the point of view of results, is the "selling" of the idea to the populace. It is perfectly true that it is "only in the laboratory of psychopathology" that these facts can be established, but no social action will be taken as a result of them until they have been brought home to the public conscience. To eliminate sadistic taints from the consciousness of district attorneys and the like, as an approach to the abolition of the death penalty, seems to us a more difficult task than the continued reduction of the field in which sadists are, by social consent, permitted to operate. Toward this latter end the abolition of capital punishment, for any of the variety of reasons often presented, seems a logical and attainable contribution.—THE EDITORS.]

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The Scopes Fund

SIR: Your May 12 issue contains a book review, Dayton's Aftermath, in which this statement occurs: "John Thomas Scopes after his brief moment as dark-horse winner of the sweepstakes of publicity has retired to training quarters in the comparative obscurity of a National Research Council fellowship."

This calls for a slight correction. Mr. Scopes does not have such a fellowship; it was never even discussed as a possibility. The National Research Council fellowships are granted as a rule to young men with their Ph. D.'s already tucked away, who have a "problem" in utero and need a year or two or three for proper gestation, free from the responsibility for large classes in Somethingology I. Scopes hasn't got that far yet; though judging from what his professors at Chicago tell me, he may in time.

What Scopes got was a special scholarship fund, for which a few of us who were at Dayton passed the hat. When he passed up a lot of chances to go barnstorming, à la Red Grange, and we saw that he had kept his head throughout the whole business, we decided he had something coming to him, and so organized an informal committee to give him a bit of a boost. We didn't get all the money needed for the three-years' graduate course, for professors are poor men mostly, and though we got some very welcome checks from better-to-do non-scientists, these were relatively few. However, Scopes has lived very frugally, and there is still money enough in the bank to see him through another year. After that, doubtless the Lord will provide, in the form of a part-time instructorship or something of the kind.

FRANK THONE.
Treasurer, Scopes Scholarship Fund.

Washington, D. C.

Dr. Meiklejohn's "New College"

SIR: Any idiot can criticize adversely a new educational plan, especially so fully thought-out a plan as that presented by Doctor Meiklejohn. Therefore this letter will attempt only to suggest additional constructive items, some of which are implied by Doctor Meiklejohn's plan, some necessary additions (as I sense the situation) to make the plan entirely effective, and some neither implied nor necessary, but (in my opinion) desirable extensions.

With Doctor Meiklejohn's suggestion as to size of the proposed college one can have only personal biases as a basis for dissent. A bias in favor of securing sufficiently large discussion-groups within the advanced study in each subject or field of knowledge leads me to believe that, for the upper two years of college at least, better discussion-groups, better in that more minds can come into contact and more varieties of thinking be represented, would be available if the size of the college were extended to about three hundred and fifty students. This would involve an increase of the teaching staff to thirty-five members.

In selecting the faculty, some additions to the requirements which Doctor Meiklejohn sets forth may be found desirable. First and foremost, probably, and implied by the fact that they are to be the teaching staff, is the necessity for the faculty to be composed of persons who have some definite ideas on the nature and purpose of education, and who have sufficiently mastered the ordinary techniques of teaching so that they can actually exert influences of an educative nature on the students. The college which Doctor Meiklejohn once headed, and the one of which he still earlier was dean, missed in large part their opportunities for being true liberal colleges because so large a portion of their faculties were entirely without educational philosophy, educational science and educational skill. This is not to say that every member of the proposed faculty should have been compelled to take "Education 321, 28-30: History of Pre-Renaissance Educational Reformers, at Jabbergrab University," but it does imply that every member of the proposed faculty should have some considerable degree of background of educational thought, especially as to educational aims, purposes and values. It does imply that every member of the faculty should have had opportunity to acquire the instructional skill which most grade-school teachers have and at which most college professors and deans openly or covertly sneer.

It is precisely in this matter of securing an adequate faculty that the greatest difficulty facing the proposed new college will consist. For the supply of scholars who are doing basal and clear thinking is small; the supply among these who can work in harmony with the proposed and valid educational policy of interrelation of the various fields of thought is still smaller; and the supply among these last of those who have educational understanding and skill is smaller still. Nevertheless, the problem does exist and must be solved if the new college is not to degenerate into simply another one of the usual sort of college.

It might be argued that the proposed new method of instruction would eliminate any need for educational skills of the sort mentioned. That, however, is exactly the reverse of the truth. Precisely because they have neither the skills required for effective teaching other than by lecturing to present the results of scholarly work done in the past, college teachers have in the mass lapsed into that easiest and least effective of all instructional procedures. Precisely because they have lacked a background of educational understanding—of what we may term the purposes of educational work as a whole and of the part of it which they are conducting—college teachers have not been able to live up to the opportunities for liberal educating that the college may give them. It is not here claimed that a biology teacher who has taken a master's degree in education, majoring in educational measurements or the psychology of adolescence, becomes thereby fitted to instruct in the proposed liberal college. It is, however, suggested that a biologist, fully at home in the wide implications of his branch of knowledge, will need to have the utmost in teaching-techniques, and a strong background in knowledge of the sociology of education, psychology of education (not some few details thereof), and philosophy of education, to give the new liberal college the service he ought to render.

This must not be taken as any blind worship of "pedagogy" or the somewhat abstract and inapplicable doctrinairism that is found only too often within our best professional schools of education. There is much froth, much exaggeration of personal predilections, much mere theorizing without contact with the actualities of educative work, even in the best schools of education. But there has grown up, possibly under the protective coating of this "waste mental matter," a sound basis of educational knowledge and skills, necessary for the effective carrying forward of educative work. It is for the insistence upon the possession of this solid basis of training in education that I argue here.

The problem of administration, which so baffles Doctor Meiklejohn, might possibly be solved by "cutting the Gordian knot." That is, let the faculty be the legally constituted college, but required by charter to appoint its board of trustees, from outside its own numbers, subject to dismissal at the will of the faculty, as the sole agent for handling the college property. That is, let the faculty hire the trustees and make them responsible for finances.

Verona, N. J. STEPHEN G. RICH.

A Conscientious Rabelaisian on Prohibition

SIR: I move that the columns of the New Republic be closed to the Prohibitionists. Do I hear a second?

Why should Prohibitionists object to prohibition? I confess that my philosophical composure has been much disturbed by the criminal waste of your valuable space on this question. Has a conscientious follower of Rabelais no rights that a Prohi is bound to respect?

Personally I think every Prohi should be made to read Rabelais and if that does not work a cure, let them consult a psychoanalyst or psychiatrist.

RABELAIS FALSTAFF JONES.

Beer and Skittles

SIR: Does Mr. A. E. Coppard really wish us to visualize poor blind Betty Perrin playing skittles?

Philadelphia, Pa. A. K. STIMSON.

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Genius and Psychoanalysis

Edgar Allan Poe, a Study in Genius, by Joseph Wood Krutch. New York: Alfred Knopf. 244 pages. $3.

THERE is no doubt that physiological psychology and psycho-analysis are bringing into view many facts that the biography of the past has wholly failed to evaluate. But the path of the biographer—and particularly the biographer of the artist—is beset with dangers. Literary amateurs in psychology seldom fail to be interesting if they have any gifts with the pen; but they seldom manage to carry any conviction with them. They are too much like the enthusiastic traveling man who has mastered the psychology of salesmanship (in twenty lessons) and feels that all human life is compassed in a few pat phrases. On the other hand the scientific gentry who can reduce art to the behavior of the optic nerve or the adrenal gland are invariably so learned in nerves and glands that they have either misconceptions or no conceptions of art.

The attempts in this direction should be welcomed with all the respect that they deserve; but they should be read with sceptical attention. So far on the whole the literary people have done better than the scientists. Mr. Brooks made his case in the Ordeal of Mark Twain, and Miss Anthony in her discussion of Margaret Fuller. On the contrary Doctor Gould in writing of Lafcadio Hearn defeated himself by so evidently tincturing science with personal malevolence, and his successor, with a prefatory condemnation of the earlier work, has laboriously wrought together a fabric of purple patches in a spirit that was even more ghoulish than Gould's. The Doctor who has recently been Looking at Literature has seen very little for his pains. The antepenultimate book of Poe criticism by Doctor Robertson, with the collaboration of Doctor (of Philosophy) Mabbott, is convincing in its discussion of dipsomania, but lacks any evidence of guidance by the literary doctor. Now comes Edgar Allan Poe, a Study in Genius, by Joseph Wood Krutch.

The usual procedure, says Mr. Krutch, by those bent upon the justification of Poe, has been to whitewash him as completely as possible, and where this process has failed, to say that his character was puzzlingly irrelevant, a handicap to his literary self. But the proper procedure, he maintains, is "to assume that the forces that wrecked his life were those which wrote his works." If this be so, it was Mr. Krutch's obvious task to determine the forces that made Poe and broke him and endowed him with fame.

Here, then, are the moving forces in his life as Mr. Krutch sees them: he nursed a sense of wrong from childhood because he was half-heartedly admitted into a social order which did not fully accept him. From boyhood the memory of his mother and of a Mrs. Stanard "ruled his imagination and held him captive," standing "between him and any normal fruition of love." Brought up on sufferance in a lavish life, "his pride grew apace, in accordance with that regular law which makes those insecure in their position the most punctilious in their insistence upon their privileges." Learning soon that though desires cannot control the outer world they can create an inner one, he fled into a realm "where dreams count as facts and where . . . shadowy horrors become no less real than shadowy triumphs." So far the thesis is simple and tenable and demonstrable. It has to do, in psycho-analytic language, with an inferiority complex and with maladjustment.

Now, however, Mr. Krutch moves on into the almost inevitable field of sex speculation. Poe, he says, married a girl of thirteen with whom sexual relations were impossible. If the statement were made specifically of Virginia Clemm and documentary evidence were advanced, it could be given credence; but it is offered as a generalization and as such simply does not stand. Even maternity at this age and earlier has been recorded in a large number of cases. Mr. Krutch says it "was certainly the case" that Poe "intended her as a wife in name only"—and nowhere proves it. He says, and continually returns to the theory, that Poe "did not need women in the way that normal men need them"—and nowhere proves it. As a matter of fact these allegations about the two Poes can neither be proven nor disproven; in which circumstances an argument based on them becomes as shadowy as any of Poe's fantasies.

In his pursuit of this subject Mr. Krutch re-illustrates the entrancing power of Freudian speculation over all but the most level-headed. It magnifies and it distorts. On page 57 he closes "this discussion of his sexual nature"; but he returns to it at length in mid-career and at still greater length toward the end of the volume. Poe, it appears, "was morbidly pure," the reason being that he did not write about passionate love, a reason which would include William Dean Howells and Mark Twain under the same indictment. Poe's "whole life was a struggle, conducted with all the cunning of the unconsciousness, against a realization of the psychic impotence of his sexual nature."

Poe's final catastrophe "was precipitated in part by the fact that he lost the grip which he had been compelled to hold through life upon his amorous nature."

These expressions spread like the smoke from a genie's flask over the pages of the book. But they tell nothing; and they bring Mr. Krutch finally to a state of mind where, if he is possessed of clear conceptions, they are so different from the accepted ones that they need the painstaking exposition which he does not give them. It is bewildering to read that though Poe "did not need women in the way that normal men need them, he was extraordinarily dependent on them for two things—inspiration and care." To one who is not even an amateur psycho-analyst it would have seemed that normal men, genuinely normal men, "need" women quite as much for inspiration and care as they do for sexual gratification. It is consistent with this statement that Mr. Krutch regularly employs the word *sexless* to mean *unsensual*.

Mr. Krutch writes fluently and for the most part cogently. He is quietly dogmatic rather than over-insistent in manner. He states the highly debatable as the obvious and the guileless reader follows him. He speaks of "the humility which is a necessary part of the scholar's temperament" with a quiet finality, though in fact the creative scholar is and must be as arrogant as the creative poet. When he comes to the end of the book he sets down his "Quod erat demonstrandum" with a disarming lack of flourish. "We have, then, traced Poe's art to an abnormal condition of his nerves, and his critical ideas to a rationalized defense of the limitations of his own taste." These two conclusions are quite sound, but many of the steps toward them quite inconclusive.

In his own conclusion Mr. Krutch makes the most pertinent of observations on his own work. "The critic of today," he says, "must endeavor to find the relationship which exists between psychology and æsthetics, but since the present state of knowledge is not such as to enable anyone satisfactorily to determine that relationship, we must proceed only with the greatest caution, and content ourselves with saying that the fallacy of origins, that species of false logic by which a thing is identified with its ultimate

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source, is nowhere more dangerous than in the realm of art, and criticism is, at times, at least, much more of an art than a science." It is a caution which Mr. Krutch has not exercised .

PERCY H. BOYNTON.

The Capitulation

The Limitations of Victory, by Alfred Fabre-Luce. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 368 pages. $4.

THOSE who have worked with the documentary material bearing on the origins of the War know how bewildering the evidence is. Even after one has extricated oneself sufficiently to form some conclusion the results are continually called in question by new publications. M. Fabre-Luce has a keen eye and a clear mind, and has rendered conspicuous service in clearing away a mass of irrelevant detail and reducing the arguments pro and con to their lowest common denominator. He is less interested in assessing the blame than in explaining the actions of the various Powers. His object is not to indict or to exonerate, and the detached, dispassionate tone of his essay distinguishes it favorably from some of the other studies that have come from France in the last years.

On many points M. Fabre-Luce's conclusions do not differ materially from those of other writers. Like them, he regards the Russian mobilization as decisive. But he goes further, and manages to make the German blank check to Austria at least plausible, at the same time putting the famous Szögyény telegram of July 27, which many students have regarded as irrefutable proof of German guilt, into a new perspective. His remarks on the various English proposals for mediation are to be commended to those who consider the Foreign Office as the arc of peace.

The most significant part of the book, however, is the discussion of the development of the situation in the years preceding the crisis. It was the pre-war alignment perhaps more than the events of July, 1914, which made the maintenance of peace impossible or at least exceedingly difficult. M. Fabre-Luce's conclusion is that all the nations were primarily concerned with their security, which, rightly or wrongly, they considered menaced. But France and Russia, he thinks, went further. This brings him to the discussion of the two sorest questions in Europe—Alsace-Lorraine and the Straits. Understandable though the aims of the Powers may have been in these two questions, it can hardly be claimed that they made for peace. In 1893 France and Russia had concluded an agreement by which each hoped to gain its desired end. But for years neither was willing to make the necessary sacrifices for the other. Each, for the time being, went its own way. Russia tried every conceivable method to open the Straits. At the very time when the Balkan League was being negotiated the Russians were willing to undertake the defense of Turkey against the Balkan Slavs, if only the Straits question could be solved in a favorable way. Failing that, they returned to the time-honored policy of exploiting the Balkan states against Turkey, thus giving them a significance out of all proportion to their size. But the solution of the Balkan troubles in 1912 and 1913 shows that Russia alone could not undertake a warlike settlement. She needed the coöperation of France. France, in the meanwhile, had been working at the construction of a league of defense against Germany, but unfortunately this league was also a "syndicate for conquest." The attempt of one member to realize inevitably led to a general scramble. The acquisition of Morocco in 1911 led to the conquest of Tripoli, and this in turn led to the attack on Turkey and to the resumption of Russian plans against Constantinople. More and more the centre of gravity had shifted to the East. With the Moroccan question settled the only hope of France for Russian support in the Alsace-Lorraine question was through a war in the Balkans, and at the crucial moment Caillaux and the whole group who had favored an understanding with Germany was forced out by the Poincaré-Millerand-Delcassé-Paléologue coterie, which did not hesitate to put themselves at the disposal of Russian policy in the Near East. A similar development had taken place within the other group of Powers, where Austria, unwilling to support Germany in colonial matters, had practically compelled her ally to follow her lead in the Balkans. Gradually all the Powers had "abdicated" to the "semi-barbarous" states of the Southeast, both groups had become "Balkanized," France had capitulated to Russia at last, and Germany was practically at the mercy of Austria. As for England, she slid into the mess almost unwittingly, and by her commitments to France she could no longer extricate herself. The situation had developed to the point where any move by either Russia or Austria could precipitate the catastrophe. That the former was considering reopening the Straits question in the spring of 1914 we know. It was hardly more than chance that the Austrians made the first move. And when the crisis came peace had already become so precarious that the Powers, as though weary of the tension, "offered but little resistance to war." "The excuse of the Central Powers is that they left chances for peace; the fault of the Entente is that it did not seize them." "Germany and Austria made war possible; the Triple Entente made it certain."

WILLIAM L. LANGER.

Nize Baby

Nize Baby, by Milt Gross, illustrated by the author. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.

GOOD dialect is very difficult to write. It is a treacherous language, biting the hand that feeds upon it unless treated with great delicacy. Its merit is undebatable, being almost entirely a matter of taste. Either you like dialect or you do not. If you do not, it can annoy you far beyond your powers of self-expression. At their worst, or even at their mediocre average best, the self-conscious distortions of the dialect writers are as maddening as the antics of someone who can make his finger joints crack, and spends a large part of his time doing so. The lowest form of this school of wit is the disguise of otherwise normal sentimentality by dropping final g's (singin', runnin', ringin', sunnin'), which is about as stirrin' as a soul-sick realtor dressed up in a cowboy sombrero. Sallow indoor feelin's, even if briefly tanned in a borrowed sun, will eventually peel. A slightly superior variety includes Uncle Remus, a very few Scottish and still fewer Irish stories. They are approximately as good as the accents of those who take delight in reading them aloud. The best dialect, such as The Biglow Papers, Mr. Dooley, Ring Lardner, are not, strictly speaking, dialect. The Biglow Papers, which are rather flat in this generation, must have been read for what Lowell had to say more than the way in which he said it. Mr. Dooley, many of whose remarks of twenty years ago are still dangerously funny,

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could have made many of his best cracks in straight English. The comedian's lines were the thing, the Irish disguise helped, but did not immortalize him. While Ring Lardner is one of the few who have made ignorant speech good reading for its own sake, the speech is so much a matter of characterization as well, and the words so much a part of whoever is saying them, that, when he is at his best, we do not think of him as a writer of dialect. John V. A. Weaver has come close to writing real American dialect, but often spoils it by lending too much of his own thoughts and feelings, and by self-consciousness.

Every European country has its dozens of patois, its valleys the inhabitants of which can barely understand the inhabitants of the next. We have, supposedly, but one language, yet within that language there is a diversity as rich as Europe's. Each occupation, each point of the compass has its native varieties, to which must be added the highly individual speech of Greeks, Poles, Swedes, Jews, Germans, Syrians, Chinamen, all in various stages of learning what they take to be the standard language. They are an easy mark for the simplest species of humor. So far, while we have had a lot of fun at their expense, it has not been much higher than elaborations of "Hit vas bootiful" and "I bane gone." To catch the multiple and flitting shadows of English (American English) "as she is spoke" by newcomers requires an accurate ear, patience, and a vivid imagination fitted with four wheel brakes. Milt Gross has all of these, and other things besides.

About two years ago there began to appear in The Sunday World a small feature, at first rather lost in that all-American circus tent, called Down the Dumbwaiter, by the author of several amusing, but not startling comic strips. Down the Dumbwaiter was imaginative eavesdropping in an East Side tenement, with conversations at first chiefly between the first and second floor, later joined by other voices. This feature grew, jumped to a front page, and is now collected in book form. It shows us one of the deftest listeners to and transcribers of dialect who has ever earned the title of master of creative error, by comparison with whom most workers in dialect seem coarse-grained and remote from their medium.

Almost all the pieces in Nize Baby are divided in three parts: Mrs. Feitlebaum and her friend (First and Second Floor) talking about the odds and ends of daily life down the dumbwaiter, Third Floor smacking his kid Isidor, and Fourth Floor retelling Grimm and Andersen fairy tales in East Side Jewish lingo with charming modernizations. Milt Gross has a happy knack of invention so far as incident is concerned (Tom Tum spent a whole day "making hendsprings undernitt from de battob"), but his chief gift is an endless and extraordinary ingenuity in caricaturing human speech. To anyone who knows and likes and listens to our New York his dialogue is acutely lifelike, and those more profoundly versed in the East Side swear that all of the speeches he puts into his characters' mouths can be actually heard or could quite conceivably be uttered. Occasionally his word distortions strike us as slightly fabricated, but on the whole they are all the more ludicrous for being phonetically faithful. They also have the high merit of being almost impossible to read aloud, unless one is born on Grand Street.

> First Floor—So from frash hair you became sophixticated?
>
> Second Floor—Wait yat! So we was all slipping in de bad, so dot dope he oppens it wite all de weendows wot it blew in a dreft wot it blew out de gas, wot if it wouldn't geeve us a alom de ket we would all be sophixticated.
>
> First Floor—So how it gave a alom de ket?
>
> Second Floor—Was so—Is sotch a goot for notting ket wot its by him avery Monday witt Toisday a litter from keetens!!! So tsince lest spreeng was by him foist one litter den gredually a sacund litter den a toid litter—so jost lest wick was by him yat a new litter from keetens und wot he was opp a whole night so he smelled gredually de gas—so he gave a alom—it shouldn't be maybe sophixticated de litter.

Which—though you might not guess it at once—refers to a cat who gave an alarm when Looey (Second Floor's son) turned fresh air fiend and opened the windows.

This quotation (one would like to quote from almost every page), is in a higher key.

> First Floor—So wat was?
>
> Second Floor—A Toikish bett!! Was lest night Ladies Night by de Toikish bett, so we went de whole kraut!
>
> First Floor—So how was???
>
> Second Floor—Hm! Dun't esk—I feel so rejuveniled!! It simulates de noives someting wonderful! Foist we came in so we became gredually ondrassed—ha! You should see shapes, Mrs. Feitlebaum! You would have a feet from leffing! So we set in de stim room. Hm—did we trenspire!! So, so soon wot we came out from de stim we jumped in de pull. Did I get it a cheel!! I tut wot mine teet wouldn't stop clattering! So hefter we came out from de pull itch one had it a message from a robber!

To this particular form of verbal amusement a famous lady, long ago, gave a more famous name. She used to talk after this manner: "Oh! it gives me the hydrostatics to such a degree—I thought she had persisted from corresponding with him; but, behold this very day I have interceded another letter from the fellow." She can do better, to be sure, but on the whole it is her average gait. For myself, I greatly prefer Milt Gross to Mrs. Malaprop. Among other things he has beaten her at her own game.

R. L.

A Journalist in the Riff

An American Among the Riffi, by Vincent Sheean. New York: Century Company. 345 pages. $3.50.

MR. SHEEAN has all the qualities of the highest type of American newspaper man. He has a sense of the dramatic, he has courage, he can observe, he can write vividly and he cannot understand the significance of what he sees.

He has told here the connected story of his hazardous journey across the country of the Riffi while they were at war with Spain, the journey in which he succeeded in being received by Mohammed ben Abd-el Krim and getting from him a statement of the Riff's war aims and peace terms. It was a notable journalistic beat and besides that a feat of daring and ingenuity. He was held captive by the fanatic tribesmen of the Metalsa, ran the Spanish blockade on land and sea, was caught in the firing between the Spanish outpost and Riffi raiders, shared the life of the most primitive tribesmen and warriors, saw and talked with all the leaders of the Riff cause, witnessed the bringing in of Raisuli as prisoner and succeeded in

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slipping back into Tangier under the Spanish forts with a band of natives going to market, a climax built up and carried off in the concluding pages with consummate skill.

These adventures are all recounted with gallop and swing. The land, the people and their manner of living are sketched with an admirable sense of selection, jaunty humor and no little shrewdness. It is most engaging reading, and it gives the color of the war in Northern Africa as nothing else that has appeared in English. It is, in fact, a superior war book.

If only Mr. Sheean had stopped at writing the book. Instead, he sat him down to write an introduction, an "interpretation." Therein he observes after a year's meditation that the French empire in Africa "is always benevolent and often admirable in its achievements," and that doubters "have only to see the fabric of civilization the French have imposed on Arab sloth." How civilization? It is immediately defined: "popular education, good roads, clean streets, telephones, telegraphs . . . " Thanks are due to "the great proconsul Lyautey," whose "presence is so providential that it is difficult not to think of him as a sort of deus ex machina." Lyautey's and France's has been not only a benevolent attitude, but a "very cautious and perhaps unimperial attitude." But "war has been constant of course."

Mr. Sheean has described admirably the war in the Riff. But he has been able to learn very little of what makes nations, races or tribes like the Riffi revolt, even against benevolent rulers, as benevolent even as the French and British and Americans.

NATHANIEL PEFFER.

Beautiful Half-Truths

The Dance over Fire and Water, by Elie Faure. Authorized translation by John Gould Fletcher. New York: Harper and Brothers. 158 pages. $3.

THE Dance over Fire and Water is a series of essays on the creative effect of war and revolution upon the arts. They recall the work of another great historian of art, John Ruskin, whose essay on War in The Crown of Wild Olive is an exposition of the same theme; but unless I am mistaken Faure loses, and Ruskin gains by the comparison. It is the Victorian Englishman who is precise, realistic, unflinching; it is the modern French critic who is vague and confused, and at bottom sentimental. They are both agreed that war is the foundation of all great art; but Ruskin's great lucidity enabled him to distinguish the war of play from the war of dominion and the war of defence; and all his praise is devoted to the first, as the parent of art. Faure's dithyrambs obscurely lump together all the varieties of military experience, and he writes as if there were no essential difference between war as practiced by the contemporaries of Socrates and the institution which at present commands all our advances in science, technology and armament. It is this intellectual sloppiness which makes The Dance over Fire and Water a dangerous work—dangerous because it is full of beautiful half-truths and mangled veracities.

Elie Faure's lyric enthusiasm was precisely the right mood in which to recreate the inner movement of a work of art, or the inner life of a school of artists; and because of this, his History of Art, with all its obscure passages and its magniloquence, was a fine and significant study. In the present essays, however, one discovers the weakness of his method, and its ineptitude, outside its special frame. Faure habitually hides a genuine vagueness of meaning behind a sensuous prose that glitters and undulates like the jeweled veil which covers a dancer's body. I choose at random:

> Elsewhere, nearer to the sun, and deeper in history, a race always alive, even when it lives in ruins and contempt, attaining at times, and often in the same spirit, the summits of idealism and the bottom of trickery, tearing at its breast to seek there a heart swollen with egotistical passions, and lifting it to the eyes of men in order to galvanize them with the spectacle of the energy and the fruitfulness of its passions, a harp of iron with strings of gold on which its bloody fingers are outstretched.

Magnificent, is it not? Images leap to the mind: the heart stirs: the muscles are plucked with energy—but what does it mean, and how does it differ from a dozen other passages, written in the same sonorous and literally nondescript style? Or consider this:

> Universal happiness would kill joy, kill hope, kill generosity . . . The intelligence, turning emptily in its diamond-hard circle, would rejoin unconsciousness, and everything that makes for the nobility of blood-stained man, seeking an interior good impossible to grasp, would dissolve in the metaphysical perfection of nothingness.

I do not say that an idea does not lurk behind these phrases; for even when Doctor Faure writes loosely there is, I am willing to believe, something in the back of his mind. The point is that there is no way of touching and walking around the idea: it is always escaping into shadowy metaphors and high-sounding words; and when one has stripped the thought of these nebulous wrappings one is left, often as not, with a wizened commonplace, which in its naked state would scarcely claim one's attention. This defect of style is critical; it argues a deeper deficiency. What is sound in Faure's theme has already been set forth, with impeccable clarity, by Ruskin; and what remains peculiarly Faure's own has been expressed, with great amplitude, in the History of Art. In sum, The Dance over Fire and Water can be dismissed as bad poetry; it cannot be justified as good criticism.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Contes Philosophiques

Gandle Follows His Nose, by Heywood Broun. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

Flecker's Magic, by Norman H. Matson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

TWO millenniums and a half ago a Greek philosopher said that men were born, not to be happy, but to seek their dooms: happiness meant nothing, he said, except in terms of grief; day and night were the same thing. Herakleitos was a popular philosopher. Mr. Broun is a popular moralist; and the point of his story—told like an eighteenth century fable or freshman allegory—seems to be the old one: that it is not good for man to get all he wants. Without the pain, the want, the salt in the wine, there is no wine, no life—only unsatisfactory dreaming. Bunny Gandle had a magic lamp and a genie—but there was no contentment in them, in their castles and houris. Only in his human wife did he find—after ad-

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ventures with magicians, knights, gods, glass mountains, etc., heavily wielded and allegorically obscure—in their quarrels and gaiety, in their child born in misery and ugliness, the undefinable thing his heart was seeking.

Flecker's Magic is a more graceful, pointed and witty handling of the same idea. Instead of a genie, Spike Flecker, studying art in Paris, had a witch; instead of Bunny's lamp, a wishing-ring. But after heartbreaking indecision, he threw it away and went off to the country for a holiday with Marie, a kind of witch herself, and thirty dollars:

> "I mean," Spike said, "that in a sort of way I had everything. . . . I had life and life is what it is. . . . I had this and I had that and also I had the lack of things. . . . If I had everything I would not have this lack of things. . . . And I think it is life I want."

RODERICK MARSHALL.

Values in Adult Education

Spiritual Values in Adult Education, by Basil A. Yeaxlee. New York: Oxford University Press. Two vols. 775 pages. $8.75.

The Way Out, edited by Hon. Oliver Stanley. New York: Oxford University Press. 115 pages. $1.50.

ADULT education, we are beginning to learn, has a past if not a future. The historical studies which are now appearing attempt to throw the present movement and its enthusiasms into perspective. Enthusiasts and promoters will do well to find themselves and their activities in this panorama of events and sequences. It may, in addition to saving them from making a great many old mistakes, tend to make them more modest and scientific.

They will, for example, learn that adult education has evolved historically along two paths: vocational and spiritual. Mr. Yeaxlee believes that the spiritual values involved are likely to be currently neglected. He therefore traces with great skill and insight the attendant values of the movement as these were revealed in church, trade union, mechanics' institute, adult school and university. His preliminary chapters are, however, devoted to an exposition of what he means by spiritual values. "Friends educating each other" is the process, but what are its ends? Not all Americans—perhaps only a few—will agree with his idealistic interpretation of ends and values, but all would profit considerably if they would read and re-read and digest his chapter on The Many-Colored Wisdom. He reveals here something of the finer side of what Horace Kallen calls relevant labor education. After all, relevancy depends upon the point of reference, and if we are skilful enough, we can always select a point of reference which will make *our* relevance seem most significant. And adequate adult education will arrive when its propagandists begin to appreciate total personalities rather than particular aspects of persons or their specialized functions.

I do not mean to interpret Mr. Yeaxlee. His plea for recognition of "a neglected aspect" of adult education stands on its merits. The reader should, however, be warned with respect to the method employed. He mixes historical and didactic, factual and idealistic material in both volumes; consequently there are times when the reader is obliged to be especially alert if he does not swallow the author's opinion for some sort of fact. Also the theoretical material far outweighs the historical in bulk and attractiveness of presentation. If the two volumes could have been kept separate in material and method, the result would have been clearer and more convincing. But we should probably be thankful for having this important document in any form; it effectively challenges the preconceptions of those adult educationists who see its ministrations in terms of some narrowed and immediate end. And it should be a welcome encouragement to those who envisage adult education in terms of freedom, deliverance and creativeness.

The Way Out consists of ten essays on the meaning and purpose of adult education by members of the British Institute of Adult Education. The contributors include Harold J. Laski, A. E. Zimmern, Albert Mansbridge, Elizabeth Haldane and other equally well known English publicists. An introduction by Viscount Grey of Fallodon is made up for the most part of extracts from the famous Earl Grey Memorial Lecture of 1923. The first four essays are concerned with statements of ideals and aspirations of the adult education movement; the three final contributions deal with facts. It is difficult to know which section deserves greater commendation to American readers. We stand at the moment in dire need of facts and are filled with ideals. But our ideals are muddled and we could, by way of illustration, learn a great deal from Laski's essay on Knowledge as Civic Discipline. Therefore if logic has any remaining validity, we should study the entire volume—115 pages, all of which are readable.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

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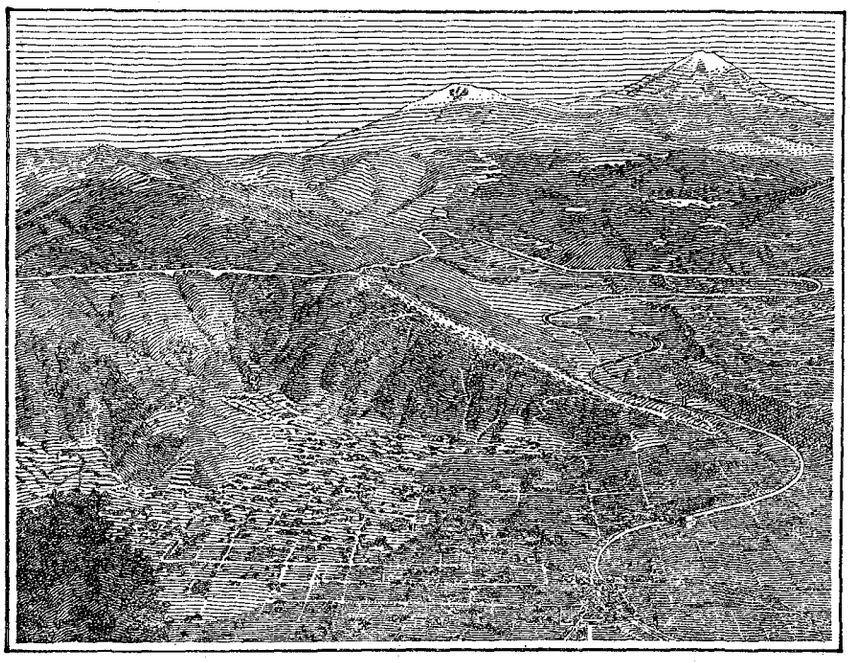

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